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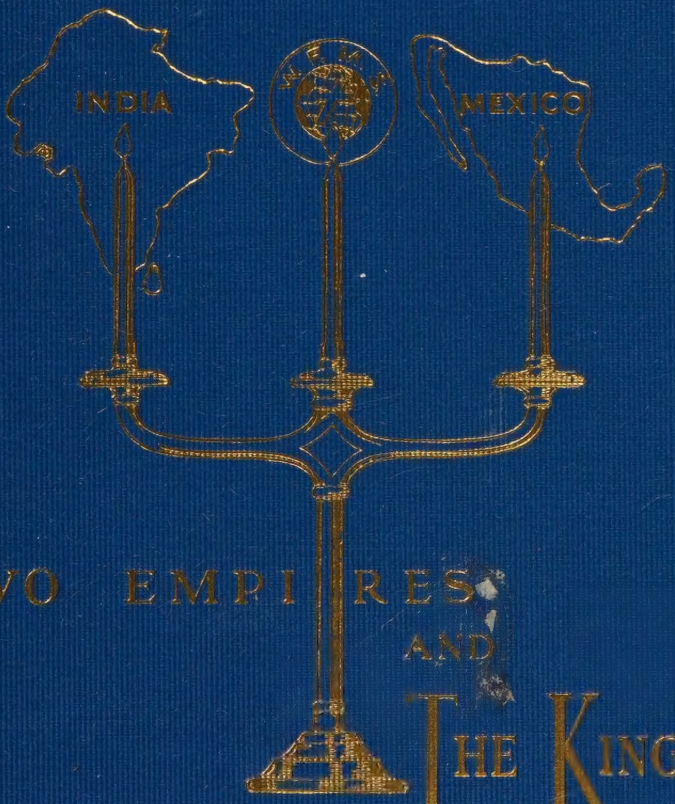
MRS. WILLIAM BUTLER



TWO EMPIRES AND THE KINGDOM

By CLEMENTINA BUTLER

Methodist
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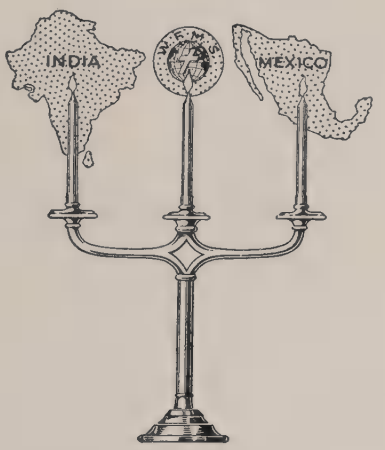
WILLIAM BUTLER

MRS. WILLIAM BUTLER
In her 87th year

Mrs. William Butler

TWO EMPIRES
and
THE KINGDOM



By CLEMENTINA BUTLER

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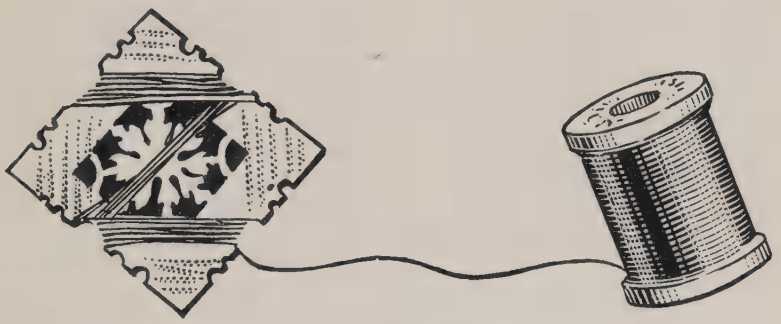
INTRODUCTION

THIS is the story of one to whom there came more of romance and adventure than she could have dreamed of in her enthusiastic youth. For how could an English girl in a quiet home in that far-off time, more than a hundred years ago, have imagined that she should come into a position of active conflict with the aims of two empires; that she should see the tragic fall of one of the greatest which had dominated the Orient? Could she have foreseen that she should stand in the presence of the last emperor of the line of Akbar the Great; that she should talk with the proud woman who was the last empress of the Mogul line which had ruled in splendor for a thousand years in India? Could she have visioned that she should be called to the land of Montezuma, of which she had read with such entranced interest during her girlhood days; that she should live in a part of the Aztec emperor's palace, and sympathize with his people in their efforts to recover from the demoralization following the attempt of foreign potentates to force upon Mexico an emperor of an alien race? How impossible for her to have imagined that she should worship God in the simplicity of an evangelical service in the former examining chamber of the Inquisition of Mexico! That called to go as a missionary to India she should have the privilege of following in the footsteps of Saint Paul on the sands of Malta, that later she should look upon the mummied face of the Pharaoh who had talked with Moses, and that under the stars on the plains of Bethlehem she should rejoice with other Christian workers over the extension of the knowledge of the coming of God's Messenger of good will!

All this did come to the life of Clementina Rowe, not because of any gift or power of her own, but simply as through a full consecration she had come into a willingness to obey the call of God. It was His call that led her into unusual paths of service. In the last days of her long life her greatest joy and delight lay not in the memory of the remarkable things she had witnessed, but her story was of the privilege which had been hers of participating in labors in the preparation of the highway for the coming into this world of the kingdom of the Prince of Peace, whose right it is to reign and whose blessed dominion shall never end.

CLEMENTINA BUTLER.



CHAPTER I

FOUNDATIONS

It has been said of the Corsican that the fragrance of the flowers of his native land so enters into his nature that, wherever he goes, this fragrance tells his presence and his nationality. On two foreign fields, India and Mexico, in which with her husband she was a pioneer, as in the homeland, there was a fragrance about the personality and presence of Mrs. William Butler that showed that she belonged to the Heavenly Country.—L. R. Gracey.

ABOUT two hundred years ago the grandfather of Clementina Rowe, John Howard, while watching his wife slowly unwind her thread from the square bobbin then in use for sewing silk and cotton thread, questioned whether it would not be easier for women if they could pull their thread from a round spool. He believed it would, and his inventive spirit has saved the time of every woman who sews and made her work easier. The story here told therefore touches not only the missionary women, but everyone who uses a needle.

It was a relative of this same grandfather, another John Howard, who, as the first prison reformer among the English people, raised a protest against the custom then prevailing of allowing the jailers to get their support from taxing the prisoners. John Howard also initiated the movement to lessen the ravages of epidemics in prisons. The family interest in such philanthropic work naturally led Clementina Rowe to a vivid desire to participate in efforts for the benefit of humanity. This interest was heightened by her remembrance of being taken at a very early age by her mother to hear Elizabeth Fry, the noble Quaker woman who espoused the cause of the women prisoners, and whose work in London was praised by the American Ambassador with these words, written in 1817: "I saw the greatest curiosity in London, compared with which Westminster Abbey, the Tower and the British Museum sink into insignificance. I have seen Elizabeth Fry in Newgate Prison and witnessed the marvelous effect of Christianity upon the most depraved of human beings." Doubtless the effect of meeting such noble individuals in her early years had much to do with the courage which Clementina Rowe manifested later when great things had to be attempted and endured.

Grandfather John Howard was commissioned by the Earl of Ormond to go to Wexford, Ireland, late in the eighteenth century to introduce machinery into Irish industries. He was a member of the Society of Friends in Bolton, England. Finding no Meeting in Wexford, he joined the Wesleyan Society in preference to the more formal and stately Church of Ireland. His daughter Sarah married Moses Rowe, the leading man in the Wesleyan Church of the town. Seven sons and daughters were given to Moses and Sarah Rowe, of whom the sixth, Clementina, was born on July 30, 1820. All these children,

save one who died in childhood, lived to advanced age, four of them passing their ninetieth year, a proof of good constitutional inheritance and sensible training.

The Rowe home was noted for its hospitality. At the time of the Assizes the judges and court officials were entertained there, and it was a great time for the children to see the dining room filled with dignified men in wigs and gowns and to hear whispers of the desperate criminals being tried, possibly for their lives! All this mystery and awfulness appealed vividly to the imagination of the children of the household. Mr. Rowe being so active in the Wesleyan Church, it was natural for the traveling preachers to make their home under his roof.

It should be remembered that in the eighteenth century the Church of England had been rather dead in formalism, and that the wonderful Methodist Revival under the Wesleys had brought about a veritable renaissance of the vital power of Christianity which made itself felt in every part of Great Britain; yet the Wesleyan Societies were still under the ban of nonconformity and were not recognized as churches by the Established Church. Wesleyan edifices were known as chapels and the ministers were not allowed to administer the sacraments. On Sundays the Rowe family first attended the Wesleyan service and then went to the Established Church for communion. The old edifice in Wexford had high, square pews, like little rooms, so that while the rector read his lengthy discourse which they did not understand, the children could have a rather fine time in their pew, and doubtless Clementina Rowe held sway on these occasions over her circle of young friends. Indeed, to hear her tell of it, with a twinkle in her eye, even when past ninety years of age, the good times must have been markedly enjoyable and the verger remarkably hard of hearing, for mischief was certainly in

this character and a wit which rarely failed to flash at every opportunity; yet it was a kindly gift, as her large circle of friends testified.

Her first interest in missions was aroused when she was about eight years of age, when a missionary came from the Fiji Islands to speak to the Wesleyan Society, and after telling of his work among the cannibals, showed how they would come from time to time to feel of his arms to see if he were fat enough yet to be cooked! The incident so impressed the child that she became a collector for the Missionary Society and went about among her friends seeking pledges of a penny a week. These she gathered by personal calls, and so industriously did she work that in one year she garnered twelve pounds sterling—sixty dollars.

The happy temperament of the child made her a general favorite. Schools for girls were limited in Wexford and were of the Dame sort, which gave a good grounding in the rudiments, but little more. Samplers and deportment followed the three R's, with courtesy and respect for those in authority well inculcated. Fortunate was it for Clementina that the oldest brother, Matthew, was a great student of history. He undertook to superintend this sister's education, insisting that she read such standard works as were available. The history of Hindustan was familiar to her years before she had any thought of seeing its shores. Later Motley's work and Prescott's were secured and the family in Wexford was reading the *Conquest of Mexico* as though the fabric of a dream or a fairy tale, unconscious that God was thus preparing one of the circle for work in that far-away country. The value of this wide knowledge manifested itself when it came to her to stand before royalty and to meet and challenge the civilizations of two sides of this great world.

The time of Clementina's youth was one of great activity in English affairs. The young Queen Victoria, born in 1819, was only a year older than Clementina and the family took pleasure in comparing the two young lives. A real or fancied resemblance was often noted, and naturally Clementina watched all the events of her sovereign's career with deep interest. When the royal trousseau was made she managed to secure a pair of stockings made on the same loom as those for Victoria's outfit! Later her chief treasure in the way of dress was a lace vest of the same rose-shamrock-thistle pattern as that used on the veil of her sovereign!

Wonderful things were happening in the world during the first twenty years of Clementina Rowe's life. The pioneer locomotives had puffed their smoky way into Northumberland only six years before her birth: she was five years old when the first passenger train began its short run between Liverpool and Manchester at the startling speed of four miles an hour! When she was seventeen she was eager to see the latest marvel, a train that ran from Liverpool to London at the astonishing rate of sixteen miles an hour! See it she must, and ride on it she did! Marvels would never end in this wonderful age in which she lived, for the very year that she had her great railroad ride she heard of the latest marvel of all, the electric telegraph, which, it was said, an American named Samuel F. B. Morse was trying to patent in Washington.

She recalled looking with awe on the distinguished Jesuit scholar, Dr. Dionysius Lardner, as he walked the streets with his eyes fixed on the ground, pondering mighty problems of physics which he attempted to solve. While he had on the press a learned argument proving mathematically that it was not possible for a steamer to carry enough coal to enable her to cross the Atlantic with the power of

steam alone, the steamship Savannah did it, and thus all the learned argument was in vain!

The first World's Exposition was held in 1851, and Clementina was determined to see its marvels, so off to London she went and rode on the new Sport invention, the forerunner of the Ferris Wheel, which courageous adventure appalled her less daring sisters and companions. The exhibit which charmed her most was of the crown jewels of some of the sovereigns of India. For hours she stood before these marvels of the jewelers' art, the "gold of Ormus and of Ind" set with gems from Golconda—emeralds worth a king's ransom, rubies with hearts of flame, ropes of pearls, for the beauty of which many lives had doubtless been sacrificed.

In spite of her venturesomeness she was a home body, and some of her exquisite needlework remains in the shape of upholstered chairs and a sofa, worked in colors with a gorgeous bird as the central figure. And why not? Had not her great-grandmother Howard worked her sampler perfectly with the whole of Milton's *Invocation to the Heavenly Powers* before she had finished her eleventh year? This example of needlework bears the date 1801 and is treasured in the museum of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society.

Later Miss Rowe moved to Liverpool, where she taught in a mission Sunday school in the slums of that manufacturing city. This necessitated a walk of three miles each Sunday to the school and three miles back, even in the cold and wet of England's winter climate. She delighted to tell of the time when a missionary came to address the school and remarked that possibly God had someone in that very room who was being prepared for a missionary life. Miss Rowe looked around upon the pinched faces and dull eyes of the waifs and wondered how the missionary

could imagine that God would find a suitable person in that assembly! Not for an instant did she realize that God was preparing one there to do his work in fields afar.

One incident may be related the aftermath of which gave her much pleasure in her last days. She was on a visit to her old home in Wexford when she learned that a little boy ill with smallpox was isolated on the third floor of a house in the country. This was before the days of the trained nurse, and people were in such fear of the contagion that no one could be found to properly care for the child. Miss Rowe promptly volunteered, shutting herself in with the little boy, though she knew the danger to her fair complexion (which to the close of life kept its rose-leaf texture). In the long hours of the child's delirium and restless fear she sang to him; in his convalescence she amused him, told him Bible stories, and did not forget tenderly and prayerfully to speak to him of the Saviour who loved little children. She never saw him again, but when she was eighty-five years of age she received a letter from a man in Saint Louis who, having just discovered that the noted missionary was his friend of long ago, wrote to thank her for all that those days had meant to him, saying that he had profited by her advice and was now serving God and his fellow Christians as clerk in a Baptist church.

The first chapter of Clementina Rowe's life was finished. The carefree days of girlhood were behind her. The old home in Ireland had been exchanged for the busy streets of Liverpool. She was a woman now, strong, brave, consecrated to God, her days filled with deeds of homely ministry, her mind trained and alert with interest in the great movements of her time. The real work of her life, "for which cause she was born," had not yet been shown her. Without fret or worry she bided God's time.

About 1848 a young man, a noted evangelist, came on

the Wexford circuit as preacher. His history was of deep interest to the Rowes. Left an orphan very young, he was brought up by a great-grandmother, a very venerable old lady who was too feeble to go to the church which she loved; so, when the little lad was old enough to read, she arranged a little service of her own by dressing the little fellow up in one of his deceased father's shirts for a surplice, and having him stand on a chair with a high back for a pulpit to read to her the service and the Collects of the day out of the Church Prayer Book. Doubtless she prayed that the lad might be turned toward the service of the church. His only other recollection of her was of receiving the dying blessing of the aged saint. After her death his only sister cared for him, the second devoted woman to touch his life.

When William Butler was nineteen he heard his friends say that the Wesleyan Methodists had come to the city of Dublin, where he resided. The young people seemed to think it a great joke that people should pretend to know that their sins were forgiven, and they especially ridiculed a gentle lady, the wife of the judge of the Assizes Court. This high official came from England twice a year to hold the Assizes. His beautiful young wife, Lady Crampton, was very musical, and she had discovered in Dublin a musician, a typical Welsh bard, a blind man whose clear blue eyes gave no indication of his infirmity and whose scrupulous neatness in dress, and the care of his white locks, together with his gracious manners, as well as his ability to play the harp, made him one of the most favored teachers of the city. Lady Crampton began lessons with Mr. Lewis and soon became very fond of the blind old harper. One Monday morning she came into the room and said, "Oh, Mr. Lewis, I heard such a fine sermon yesterday," and then asked, "Whom did you hear?" Mr. Lewis

knew that the Wesleyan Church was very unpopular with the aristocracy and for a moment he feared to tell her, lest he might lose his position, for to be dismissed from the service of the chief lady of the land might be a serious blow to his livelihood. Pausing a moment to pray for courage, he said, "My Lady, I went to a Wesleyan Church"; and the answer came quickly with a ripple of laughter, "Why, Mr. Lewis, to think of your going among such people! What made you do it?"

Then he told her how among such people he had found peace and joy and a consciousness of God in his life. Lady Crampton made no comment and went on with the music lesson. As the harper was blind, he could not tell the effect of his words. However, the next Sunday morning Lady Crampton drove down the little narrow street to the Wesleyan chapel in her coach with four horses and two outriders, creating quite a sensation. There was a wonderful sermon that day and she was deeply impressed. Naturally, Mr. Lewis heard of it, but yet nothing was said on Monday morning as he gave the lesson to his pupil. The second Sunday Lady Crampton called the coachman and said he might leave off two of the horses, and the third Sunday she decided to walk to church and had the coachman accompany her.

The conviction which came upon her under that preaching resulted in a marvelous consecration which soon brought her husband also into this broader Christian life. A year or two later she was taken ill with consumption. She used to ride about the streets in a wheel chair and would stop people and talk to them about their souls. Young William Butler heard this, and he made up his mind he was not going to be talked to about his soul! One day, turning into a street which was enclosed on both sides by hedges, he saw her coming. He did not think it was courteous to

turn, so he walked diagonally across the street as if he had some important errand on the other side. Something impelled her to call to him, "Young man, may I speak with you?" And when he came over she said, "I have only one question to ask—Do you pray?"

That very morning he had knelt down and said his prayers as he had been taught by his venerable great-grandmother, but he knew she meant something different and his answer was sincere, that he did not. Instantly she asked, "Then what is to become of your soul?"

This conversation brought about a strong conviction and for three weeks William Butler sought the consciousness of salvation and the peace of which Lady Crampton spoke. The result was a marvelous conversion, an experience which transformed for him the world and all his ambitions. Shortly afterward he went to Liverpool carrying a note of introduction to the Wesleyan minister, which he did not read, but handed to the pastor at the morning service. To his amazement when the notices were given out the minister said, "William Butler, of Dublin, will preach in Saint John's Market at four o'clock this afternoon." In vain, after the service did he protest that he was only nineteen, that he had just been converted a few weeks, that he knew nothing of theology. The faithful pastor's answer was, "You must preach or you will lose your soul." He did not want to lose his precious experience, so that afternoon, having walked the floor in agony in the intervening hours, he went to Saint John's Market and found a great crowd gathered. When the time came for the sermon he announced his text, "Ye must be born again." Then he closed his eyes and never opened them until he had finished his discourse! He felt that the effort must have been a failure, yet fifty-six years later he heard from a man who said he had been converted under that sermon.

Very soon he entered the theological seminary at Didsbury, near Manchester, and after graduating was appointed to a circuit in Ireland. During his student days he had become acquainted with the Lewis family of Manchester, who brought him into their home life as if he were a son. There were two beautiful daughters, and he became engaged to one of them who was very delicate. She used to pray that God would let her live to share his life and work for at least one year. This was granted her, though by the time they were married she was far gone with tuberculosis. His desire was to give her as much happiness as possible before the disease should finish its work. Before this he had traveled on the Wexford circuit in Ireland, where his district Chairman was a Mr. Leach, who had been a missionary in India. As they took long tramps together, the veteran told him tales of that marvelous land, with its tragic need of a revelation of the true God.

The chief man of the Wexford Church, Moses Rowe, welcomed William Butler into that home during his services in the Wexford Society. A series of very successful revival services followed, and one evening William Butler made the remark that he was sorry for Sunday-school teachers who attempted to teach the spiritual truths which they did not themselves know by experience. This touched Mr. Rowe's young daughter, Clementina, who had been a Sunday-school teacher. She knew certainly that she lacked this divine spark. She went forward to the altar and there became graciously converted. Mr. Butler was very much attracted by the young girl, who had a marked resemblance to Lady Crampton, who had been the incident in his own conversion.

When, after three years apprenticeship in the Conference, he married Miss Lewis, he brought the frail bride to the Rowe home on a visit and a warm friendship was estab-

lished between the two families. Her prayer was answered and she was given just a little more than one year of happiness with her husband. When her son was only a few hours old, it was evident that the end was near. She had known that she could not live, and now her thought was of the little child, with no one to help her husband to bring him up.

Calling her sister Julia, she spoke of her anxiety for the little baby and said: "No one could care for him as lovingly as you would. Will you be willing later to consider marrying William and help him to bring up my little son?" Again, she called her husband and made this as her last request, though without any pledge.

After some time the matter came up for consideration between them. William Butler's only sister had married and gone to live in Australia, and he had no relative who could come to his aid, yet he loved his little son and wanted to keep him. There had always been the highest mutual respect between him and Julia Lewis, and here was the little life so precious to the one who had gone from him. The young minister consulted with his district Chairman. He could not marry Julia Lewis in England because of the Deceased Wife's Sisters Bill, a rule which the Church of England had established, and which, curiously enough, did not work the other way. There was no objection if a woman wished to marry her deceased husband's brother. This law was not rescinded for many years after this event.

The district Chairman, after considering the facts, strongly advised William Butler to marry the devoted sister, and to go to America where they had no such man-made rules to encumber the life of the church. Accepting the counsel, they were married in Queenstown and sailed immediately for the States, where Mr. Butler entered the New England Conference and was stationed at Shelbourne Falls and later at Westfield.

Two other little sons came to bless their happy parsonage home. Meanwhile Mr. Butler had written a great deal on the subject of missions and had been put on the Missionary Committee in New York. One extremely cold day in November, when the second baby was just six weeks old, he started from his home in Westfield for New York, but half way from the house to the station he became impressed with the idea that he should not go, and turning round went home. As he entered, his wife, who had the baby in her arms, said laughingly that she thought he had gone to New York. He explained that it was very stormy, and sat down to read the morning paper. His wife rose from the chair to put the baby down in the crib and fell at his feet dead!

The shock of this was almost more than he could bear. He knew when he was married first that he was to see a dear invalid through her days of suffering, but that this apparently strong woman should go out of life suddenly without any warning was a shock from which he never fully recovered. Later years proved that the whole Lewis family were afflicted with heart trouble and only one of them lived to advanced years.

The sympathy of the whole community was stirred. People wrote poems and published in the papers articles concerning the tragic event, for it was a tragedy indeed to a minister in a strange country to be left with three young children, one a mere baby of weeks. For the emergency, he imported from England an old friend, called Aunt Jane. One understands how old a person must be and how sedate to be called Aunt Jane by a whole community. She finally arrived and took care of the little boys, but as the months went by she was not happy. She was unaccustomed to children, and the older ones were healthy, lively lads, while the baby was not well. Things

were not cheerful in the parsonage. One morning as Doctor Butler was in the study trying to prepare his sermon, he was greatly disturbed by the quarreling of the older boys and the crying of the baby, and began to wonder what he could do to bring up these children, as he phrased it, "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." Aunt Jane was evidently a failure and was restless to return to England. The girls of the church and town were not without designs on the young pastor. In fact, one gray-haired old lady used to boast, forty years after this time, that she was so much interested in the preacher that she used to go down to the parsonage and offer to play for him on the melodeon. She said that she could not play anything but waltzes, but she played them slowly, hoping they would sound solemn enough for the mournful listener! This sort of thing did not appeal to the bereaved husband, who had a very high ideal of the dignity of Christian womanhood.

Suddenly, between the outlines of his sermon on the desk, there appeared to the distracted father a face, the face of the young girl who had been converted in his revival services in Wexford some years before. It seemed to have on it the joy that had shone there the night when she had found the wonderful gift of a consciousness of God's favor. He had not heard of her since coming to the United States; did not know whether she were living, or if so, whether she had married. The thought came to him, however, that a young woman with such consecration as she had received would be able, if she would come, to preside over the home and help him bring up his little sons.

The conviction grew in his mind until he finally wrote a letter to inquire, and learned that Clementina Rowe was living, and that she had not married. Then he sent another letter which must have been a wonderful epistle.

We only know that in it he told her of the sad event which had come into his life, of the little boys whom God had given and his anxiety for their training, and then he asked would she be willing to come across the ocean and share in "the joys and the difficulties of an itinerant preacher's life in a new country and help him bring up these little lads in the nurture and admonition of the Lord."

When Clementina Rowe received this letter (sent, not by mail, for it was too precious, but by the hand of a friend), she realized that it came from one of whom she had not even heard for several years, it is true, but from a man for whom she had always had the highest respect and whom she had held in gratitude for his work as her pastor, and as the instrument under God of having led her into her new life. She consulted with her brother-in-law, in whom she had great confidence, and his opinion was that this was her providential path. Finally she decided to cross the ocean alone, an almost unheard of thing for an unmarried woman to do in those days, to marry William Butler.

Of course a family conflict was caused over this amazing proposal. Some said one thing, some another, but when Matthew looked at his sister's face he knew the matter was settled. Then followed two months of the preparations so dear to feminine hearts. Loving hands fashioned the simple plenishings of the bridal chest. There were the strong linen sheets and warm blankets, the lustrous napkins and soft huckabuck towels that only the looms of old Ireland can produce, a collar of real lace giving a touch of elegance to the simple trousseau. Very sweet and brave were the blue eyes beneath the little flower-lined poke bonnet, very erect the slender young figure which waved farewell from the deck of the ship that was to bear her so far from the dear homeland to new scenes and faces in a strange country.

Her steamer was to arrive in Portland, Maine, and there was considerable uncertainty as to the length of the voyage. Tradition in Maine has it that William Butler walked the Eastern Promenade overlooking Portland harbor for three days from morning until night, while all Methodism in the city looked sympathetically on, only to have the steamer slip into the harbor early on the fourth morning before he was awake!

Married at the home of a Mrs. Taylor, in Portland, the wedding journey was taken to Canada, where Mrs. Butler had a married sister. The severity of the winter may be known from the fact that they drove over Lake Champlain on the ice. From a letter written on the journey, to her sister, dated Quebec, November 30, 1854:

On Sunday evening William preached in a large church here and was much liked. Let me tell something of him to whom I am now a week married. I find him a noble-looking man, younger-looking than his portrait. He is a good and great preacher, and here in Canada his reputation had preceded him and he is highly esteemed. He is the best and kindest of husbands, truly affectionate and thoughtful. As a companion he is interesting and delightful. I am very, very happy; surely there are none on earth happier than we are.

William Butler was stationed at Lynn, Massachusetts, this time at one of the leading churches of New England Methodism. There was great excitement in the society over the event, and when the couple came home on Saturday night, a friend hinted to Mrs. Butler that all the young men of the parish were going to line up on the steps of the church the next morning to see the bride. The bride made no comment, but when she appeared at the church she had on a poke bonnet with a thick green veil, so that the

curious saw a figure, a veil and a bonnet, but not the face of the bride!

Clementina's letter to her sister graphically pictures a New England church parsonage in 1854:

We were much delayed on our home journey by snowdrifts, but, thank God, arrived safely on Wednesday night. On Thursday evening the principal members of the church met to give us our reception. The ladies did everything themselves and provided an elegant tea. Mrs. Richardson, the Mayor's wife, waited on table; they made us a splendid bride's cake, and Mr. Richardson himself handed it around. To see their affectionate cordiality toward me you would imagine they had found a great prize. I greatly enjoyed my evening, as I could not, amid such kindness, feel otherwise than grateful and happy.

I must now tell you something of the house. It is a neat little parsonage; on the first floor there are two sitting rooms, study, and kitchen, and as to closets, pantries, cupboards, nooks and corners, I have not yet seen the whole of them. I counted the various doors, but when I got up to thirty I gave it up. There are cellars and water and wood stores, scullery, wash-house, hen-house with thirty fowls in it; the houses look beautifully neat, being of wood painted white with green venetian outside blinds. Well, my house—the study is full of books, such a library as few preachers are possessed of, I should think. The parlor has three windows with green blinds and white curtains, a new carpet, a magnificent stove with an open grate in it, in which we burn coal, a round center table, an excellent sofa, a melodeon as large as a piano nearly, a luxurious easy chair, a beautiful new worktable (bought for me), a large pier glass, ornaments, and all the other little et ceteras that you would require in a sitting room. There is hanging up the engraving of Mr. Wesley's deathbed, a fine engraving of Jerusalem, and a large, elegant piece of tapestry work representing the meeting of Isaac and Rebekah. William says it is quite typical of me—quite a representation of my willingness and courage.

He says he wants you all to know how he loves me and how happy he is. . . .

Only think, the society here has set apart the best pew in the church for the pastor's wife. It is the first next the pulpit and very elegantly furnished. The church is painted white outside, with green venetian blinds on all the windows, this being the style in this country. There is a fine steeple and the inside of the church looks very neat and handsome. It has pew sittings for about nine hundred persons, and I believe there are not two pews to let. The organ is opposite the pulpit and when the hymn is given out the whole congregation stands up, turn their backs on the preacher and face the choir. It seems very odd to me. The congregation takes little part in the singing, this I also regret. We had three services, preaching in the forenoon at half past ten, in the afternoon at half-past two, and in the evening at half-past six. There was a missionary lecture, the subject being "Liberia." I must not, I suppose, praise William too much as a preacher; I only wish you could hear him and then you would have some faint idea of how highly he is esteemed here. I have had a most convincing proof since we came home that he is considered one of the first missionary men among us here in America.

I am as happy as I suppose anyone on this continent can be, and William says he is the happiest man on it.

The marriage of Doctor and Mrs. Butler, founded not only on affection but on their deep consecration to a common task, was ideally beautiful. This letter written on the eve of their fifth anniversary is an indication of the happiness of their life together even in the midst of persecution and peril. It is dated Bareilly, midnight, Tuesday, November 22nd, 1859:

My own dear love: my heart's delight and treasure: my darling precious husband, whom I love in my heart of hearts, I thank you for your kind note received this even-

ing. Sweetheart, there is a loving heart waiting here to receive you when you come.

Thank God you are not likely to come to a home of sorrow: health seems to have been given again to the children, and I trust that you will see them so well as scarcely to realize that they have been so ill.

We had a nice drive in the buggy this noon accompanied by the cat and seven orphan children. Baby's spirits seemed to rise on occasion and she began to sing. Eddy sits more like a corpse, but now and then he can smile and in the middle of the night he wanted *mourgee* [chicken].

This night five years ago I was on the point of saying "I will." How quietly and with how much of hope I looked into the future! It was wonderful and my most ardent hopes have been fulfilled. Oh that I had you here beside me to thank you for all your love!

This will be the first anniversary that we are separated. I feel it hard, oh dearest, it is hard—it is a trial—what would I give to have you here to-morrow! Good night, dearest best beloved.

And in the morning she adds "Many happy anniversaries to you, my love, of this day. May God bless us of each other and grant us to see many together if it be his blessed will. Accept a thousand loves and kisses from your happy wife."

And again toward the close of their long life spent together is this radiant note:

My darling Wife:

Please accept this accompanying token to express my joy in this Christmas morning. For forty-three years I have enjoyed you as the gift of God to me. You know, dear one, how truly I have recognized ever since what mercy and love came to me, when God gave you with all you have since proved to be—an unfailing fragrance in life and toil for the Master.

CHAPTER II

SIX WORDS

AMONG the names that shine with special radiance in the history of missionaries to India is that of Alexander Duff, the great Scotch Presbyterian educator. Among the many things which he accomplished for that land perhaps there is no other which had a wider effect than his visit to the United States in 1852, when he appeared before the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church and made a stirring appeal that this comparatively young denomination should take up its share of the burden of redeeming India for Christ. So strong was the impression he made that an appropriation of seven thousand dollars was immediately set apart to begin a Mission, and for three years search was made for a man suited to be the pioneer of that church in India. Over one hundred men were approached, each of whom refused the task. The missionary secretary, Dr. J. P. Durbin, finally became uncertain whether the leading was of Providence, and in May, 1856, wrote an article, entitled "The Crisis," stating that if a candidate did not appear before the next meeting of the Missionary Committee, it would be taken as an indication that God did not call this church to work in India.

William Butler, then a pastor in the New England Conference, was deeply moved by the missionary passion. As a young minister he had worked under the supervision of an older man, Mr. Lynch, who was a returned missionary from India, and had, therefore, learned a great deal about conditions in that land. He had used his pen on be-

half of the missionary enterprise. When this stirring appeal was published he was unable to sleep because of his anxiety lest his church abandon its great project when the money was available and the call had been so clear. One day he came to his wife, Clementina, with a startling question, saying, "Would you be willing to go to India with me?" With her two-months' old baby in her lap, her quiet reply was, "I married you to go with you wherever your work might be." The letter which William Butler then wrote to the Mission Board is before us as we record these facts, and one or two expressions in it are worthy of note:

When I consider the character of the Son of God, who made himself of no reputation, took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of a man, who humbled himself and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross, I cannot longer refuse to answer the call to go to those millions in darkness and proclaim the gospel of salvation through Jesus Christ.

At the close of the letter he put in this important fact: "In this my wife is with me. Her heart is as my heart in the offer to go to India."

The missionary authorities hailed this offer with joy. Within a few weeks William Butler was appointed and given instructions to "Lay broad and deep foundations" for the work. It was decided that the older boys could not go into that climate, and one day Clementina made a momentous decision. Her husband had proposed that the three step-sons should be left at home with friends, but Edward, the little fellow who had been orphaned so early, was extremely delicate, and here Mrs. Butler showed her quiet determination. She said, "I will either take the frail little boy with me or I will leave my baby with him. I will not go without one of my step-children," and, as her

husband was not at all inclined to ask her to leave her little babe, he accepted her decision. The missionary secretary was much surprised when he saw Mrs. Butler ready to leave, having the care of two children, and going on such a long journey, with a smile upon her face instead of the tears and lamentations which he had expected.

In an old copy of *Zion's Herald* of April 16, 1856, is this description of the farewell meeting: "Doctor Durbin arose in the New England Conference in Salem on April 8 and announced that a meeting would be held in Lynn in honor of the newly appointed missionary to India. Brother Butler in a few earnest and touching remarks bid the conference a solemn adieu. At this point a venerable brother approached and threw his arms around Brother Butler's neck. The touching scene deeply moved the hearts of all present. Doctor Peck made the eloquent plea: 'To-night brings a vast empire into the bosom of the Methodist Church; now she becomes ours, her sons and daughters are nearer to us than ever before. This night Brother Butler puts India into our arms; let us thank God for the great idea of a mission to India.' "

Travel to India was a very different undertaking in 1856 from what it is to-day. In England Mr. Butler consulted the missionary authorities of other churches concerning unoccupied fields, as his instructions were to take a section of India where no other missionary agency was at work. On the trip through the Mediterranean there was a delightful break in the hard journey by a visit to the Island of Malta, where the missionaries followed the footsteps of Saint Paul as described in the Book of Acts. Then a brief visit to Egypt, a land of interest to every student of the Bible. The canal had not been dug, and it was necessary to cross the desert to Suez with a caravan of camels, seven hundred and twelve of the huge beasts of burden being

required to take the ship's mail and baggage across to the Red Sea. Egypt still suffered from the plague of flies, and the Butlers endured much from the intense heat of September.

How welcome the sight which greeted them in the saloon of the next steamer which they boarded at Suez. There on the table was a large bowl full of ice, from Wenham Lake, Massachusetts, brought by the Tudor Company, of Boston, twice under the equator, to help to modify the discomforts of the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean for passengers on other steamers.

The first touch with India was at Ceylon, and Mrs. Butler, with her keen interest in all that was novel, was eagerly watching for a sight of the shore. On account of the rough sea they anchored out in the roadstead. Finally the cry was raised that a man was coming, and over the rough waves came a curious boat—a catamaran. Everyone crowded to the side of the steamer to see the first man of India, but when he came near, the ladies retired to the other side of the deck, for this representative of the people among whom Clementina Butler expected to pass her life was a man almost nude, his body bearing the marks of the devil worshiper. His appearance was so revolting that Mrs. Butler wondered if she could endure to live among people like that. A wave of homesickness came over her! Then there followed an illumination. Six wonderful words flashed into her mind, spoken by the prophet Isaiah. Six words only—"The idols he shall utterly abolish!" The impression on her mind was so strong and her faith in God's fulfillment of his spoken word was so constant that from that day she was never homesick in any land.

In Calcutta the Butlers were entertained by Dr. Alexander Duff, who was overjoyed to see his plea to Meth-

odism thus visibly answered. There Mrs. Butler had the opportunity of meeting Mrs. John Sale, a missionary of the London Baptist Missionary Society, who went to India in 1849 and was stationed at Barisal. Mrs. Sale was the first Christian woman to enter a Hindu zenana with the gospel message. It was not until 1854 that she obtained access to a native gentleman's home. Her own account given to Mrs. Butler is as follows:

"It was in 1850 that I became alive to the fact that, however large an audience gathered around a missionary, no woman was ever seen in the crowd. I was told also that it was an insult to a native gentleman to mention his wife when pleading for the education of women. I then went to the villages among the poor communities, but found the women in the lowly huts who were as fearful of allowing their faces to be seen by strangers as they were in large houses. Finally, in 1854, I secured an invitation into a zenana at Jessore. When the wife, covered with jewels, came into the room, she drew back as I approached her. However, when she found I could talk in her language she became very communicative, and told me she was the second wife and had two sons. The lady said she had heard European ladies excelled in needlework, so I promised to bring her some. On my next visit I took canvas, needles, and wool. There was great difficulty in teaching them to work, as they would not let me approach them. I had to tell them where to put the needle, to the right or to the left. It took a whole year to finish a bit of work, a pair of embroidered slippers, and then I took them to a native shoemaker and had them made up, greatly to the delight of the people at the house. Other husbands and brothers then gave me invitations to visit their houses."

On Mrs. Sale's return to Scotland Mrs. Mullens took up this work with increasing success. One can imagine how

interested Mrs. Butler was in this effort and how determined she was that she too would consecrate all of her talents, mind, heart, and hand to the women for whose help she had come.

She notes her impression of Hindu worship: "In the city of Calcutta we viewed the procession in honor of the goddess Kali, as the multitude, mad with their idolatry, surged through the streets bearing banners with the repulsive figure of the goddess of murder, the one in whose name infanticide and suttee have cursed the lands for centuries. The hosts took up the cry, 'Victory to Kali! Victory to Kali!'—victory to this cruel deity, who was represented with her tongue hanging out on her breast, so sated is she with the blood of her victims and whose shrine not far from the city is the scene of terrible practices! Yes, it cost deeply to have our faith rise to the fact that we might be the means of helping on the day when this cry should be hushed and hosannas to the Prince of Peace should rise from the lips of these millions."

There being no railroad in 1856 or any other public conveyance, the only way to travel up-country was to buy a little carriage and have it pulled by relays of men. Six or eight coolies would be engaged for one day's journey to pull the carriage from eight to ten miles from one Dak Bungalow to another. These were rest houses provided by the government, and there was no possible place where foreigners could stay in between such shelters, so it was necessary to finish the whole trip in one day. Friends provided the missionaries with the translation of a few stock phrases, but one Saturday evening none of these applied to the emergency which arose. At dusk the men stopped at the bank of a river and made signs for the passengers to get out of the carriage. They did not wish to do so, and made various signs for the coolies to go on to the Dak

Bungalow. The men insisted, with vigorous gesticulations, and when Mrs. Butler stepped down two of the men came to her and joining their wrists together signalled for her to be seated, making her understand that the Dak Bungalow was on the other side of the river. Much to her distaste she was obliged to accept their offer and put her arms around the necks of these perspiring coolies, who immediately started into the water. This was so deep that she had to hold her feet up as they waded into the stream. Meanwhile the small lad of four was so frightened at the approach of these strange men that he began to howl in terror, and Mrs. Butler's heart failed her. Could these men ever be able to get her across the river with its swift current? Would they get angry at the youngster who was making such a terrible racket and give him a ducking to still his cries? Would they be careful of her precious baby boy, and especially, would these slender, undersized, half-starved looking coolies be able to carry her husband, a man six feet tall, weighing a little over two hundred pounds? Everything was ready for a good case of nerves—when suddenly a thought came to her—This is Saturday night and it is about seven o'clock and the women in my church in Lynn promised to meet at that time to pray for us! Not waiting to quibble about the difference in time, all fear went out of her heart as she trusted the power of fervent, prevailing prayer to keep her calm under any conditions and her trust unimpaired. Finally they all got over in safety and had a happy, restful Sabbath.

Another incident of that long journey arouses our sympathy in the homeland. One evening the missionaries came to the end of their journey and found the Dak Bungalow on a bluff overlooking the Ganges River. Mrs. Butler walked out to enjoy the sunset and looked down on the strand, the bed of sand between the bluff and the water. To her

surprise here and there she saw people lying with their feet in the water of the stream. She could not understand the reason for this, but on inquiring was informed that they were *only women*, and asking still further, she discovered that they were women who were sick, sick unto death, as it was supposed, and as no man would be permitted to see the face of a caste woman, they must suffer on without the skill of any physician. If no simple home remedy could avail, Hinduism offered no help and could give nothing better than to bring the women to wait for death on the banks of the sacred river! Tender, gentle women had been brought out of their sheltered homes and placed on the hot sands under the burning sun with their feet chilled by the river water! After being placed there no food could be given, nor any medicine, nothing but an occasional drink of water. There were men upon the bank who were supposed to be in charge, either the husband, father, or son, who would go down occasionally to see if life still remained in the body. The women were alone there facing the terrors of their fate until they should be mercifully released by death, when the male relative would come down from the bank, push the body into the water until it was caught by the current which would carry it down to the sea, or strand it on the banks below, where crocodiles lay in wait. Mrs. Butler's heart was stirred to the depths. When she had been ill she had the best medical skill available, the most loving attention and sympathy, and these, her sisters, as she felt them to be, were there on the banks of the river alone, in unrelieved misery. After this experience it is no wonder that Mrs. Butler wrote home characterizing the country to which she was carrying the gospel message, "India is the land of breaking hearts."

A letter from Bareilly describes another part of her journey, which she says was very easy: "We had three

palankeens, eighteen men to carry us, two men to carry the luggage, and at night two torch-bearers—quite a formidable-looking cavalcade. Such is traveling in India."

She also saw the native way of computing time; a little brass bowl with a small hole in the bottom, floating on a jar of water, with a man to watch it. Within a given time the bowl would submerge, the watcher would empty it and thus compute the time elapsed.

As these first American Methodist missionaries had sailed for India they passed a steamer on which was the Dowager Queen of Oudh, coming to England to protest against the annexation of that province by the British. Had she succeeded in her mission, the Methodists would not have been permitted to enter the Kingdom of Oudh, but it was in the fullness of time that they were called of God to this section.

William Butler's commission was a broad and generous one, conceived on lines of real statesmanship. He was instructed not to build on another man's foundation if unoccupied territory could be found. He was to preach the gospel to those who never had heard it.

After a careful study of several locations, the northwestern provinces of Oudh and Rohilkund were decided upon as the most needy and promising territory, wide enough to permit the development of a great work, not divided by a variety of languages, and with the geographical configuration which permitted unified supervision and frequent oversight. At least six millions of people were absolutely without any missionary agency. Oudh is called by the Hindus the throne land of *Rama* and comprises some of their most famous shrines. It was in a great state of unrest at that time because of the deposition of the king, and the missionaries were told, "If you go to Oudh, you will take the bull by the horns." They were also

warned that rebellion was seething throughout that whole section. The men of those two provinces were of the fighting sort, and at the time there were no English soldiers in the whole region, only an immense native army officered by Europeans, who had begun to be doubtful of the loyalty of their forces.

Under date of October 27, 1856, the following message went home. "Oudh with Rohilkund include the keys to Nepaul, Tibet and Chinese Tartary. The door is open for us. Surely our noble church is not going to have a feeble mission in India. Shall she lose her opportunity for the future by the present tightening of her resources? Give this grand scheme to our people and they *will* support it. It requires stimuli like these to develop the resources of our church, and never will those resources be developed until the executives of our society in dependence on God and his faithful people shall devise liberal things in reference to such open doors to usefulness."

It took three weeks to journey from Calcutta to Lucknow, the capital of Oudh. They were entertained in that city by the commissioner, an irreligious man, who, while courteous to his guests, told them bluntly that they had come on a fool's errand and advised them strongly to turn round and take the next steamer back to America. The state of unrest was such that when the missionaries started out for a walk the commissioner called them back and insisted that they should not go, save on the back of an elephant with an armed guard for protection. Every man in the Bazaar sat with his weapons beside him.

No house was found suitable for occupancy in Lucknow, and someone suggested that they go on to the city of Bareilly, the second city in size in their new field. It seemed strange that their plans should be thus changed, but possibly there was a reason, which we shall note later.

A wonderful experience at this time also was their attendance at the last Durbar of the East India Company at Benares, where they went as guests of the governor, Mr. Butler being among the officials, but Mrs. Butler had to stand behind a screen—being only a woman. We quote from her letter describing her first near view of royal splendors:

The first arrivals were the Princes of Delhi, the lineal descendants of men whose names have sounded loud in history. They were magnificently attired, but looked stupid and heavy. There were a good many of them. They advanced to the governor, making their salaams. He rose and shook hands with the highest in rank, then seated himself, and with the next just touched their hands, the next he merely bowed to. When they were all seated a few words of conversation passed. Then the governor made a signal and two attendants entered, one bearing a salver, on which stood a little silver fountain of attar of roses, the other a salver full of pawn (a mixture of betel nut and spices, which the natives are fond of) wrapped in silver tinsel. The governor lifted a drop of the attar on a ladle, and put it on the hands of the prince next him, handing him a pawn. The aides-de-camp did the same for the others. Then they rose, made their salaam, and marched out.

Next came the Princes of Nepaul, two young men gorgeously attired. Each had on the Mussulman turban, bearing in front a cluster of large diamonds and emeralds, about a hand long and three fingers wide, oval shape. One had a chain of pearls as large as Spanish nuts round his neck and a rose of diamonds attached to it! Everything else was in keeping, but, sad to say, these two young men were so dissipated and so degraded in vice that the respectable natives of Benares despised them.

Next came some nobles from the Punjaub with great fur caps and dresses of cloth of gold and silver. Next came a little boy alone, the son of Sheer Singh, and grandson of Runjeet Singh, the "Lion of the Punjaub." He was about

thirteen. He walked in like a man, and carried on a conversation with the governor in English, with as much ease as if he were talking to a school-boy. He had been educated in the College of Benares. It was designed that he should go to England, but his foolish mother would not consent.

Next came in great state, with a pompous retinue, the Rajah of Benares. He was honored with a salute of thirteen guns, a compliment always paid to the Rajah of Benares, and him alone, for his fealty to the government. He is a fine, goodhumored looking man, portly in his appearance, and richly attired in a cashmere robe and elegant turban. He seemed as much amused at us, as we peeped through the purdah, as we were interested in him. When he retired another celebrated individual came, the Amrut Rao, grandson to the man who saved Warren Hastings' life when the people of Benares rose up against him. He came in a plain dress, then politely claimed his privilege of retiring to an anteroom to put on the robes of state, presented to him with his title, as a reward by the government. He returned in a gorgeous suit of cloth of gold, richly ornamented, a valuable sword in his hand, and a buckler on his arm. He could scarcely walk with dignity, being thus so heavily encumbered, and he seemed to think, with others, that it was all a very amusing affair. He was presented with a riding whip and driving hook, as tokens that a horse and an elephant awaited his acceptance outside. Some of the parties, I forget which, offered very handsome presents.

To one of the number the governor presented a gold watch and chain, a testimony of respect from the government in return for his having built a *school*. The effect was very good. The government is most desirous of promoting education, and wishes to induce others to follow this man's example.

As the Butlers returned to Bareilly they visited again in the home of the Presbyterian missionary at Allahabad, when they received the greatest gift possible, a helper, a Christian young man who could speak English and who would

therefore serve as translator for the new Mission. This youth, Joel, was asked if he would go with the American missionaries to the then distant field of Rohilkund, as much of a sacrifice to him as it had been for the missionaries to leave the United States. There were two questions involved, if he consented. One whether his sweet little wife would be willing, but beyond that, would her mother consent to give up her daughter. A solemn meeting was held and the matter presented to Emma, the mother, whose reply was perhaps surprising and yet natural. She gave a willing consent to let her daughter go, saying: "I give her up to the Saviour. It is a long way for her to go, but the Saviour has suffered more than that for us." When the party set out the mother exhorted her daughter to "make her heart hard" (to be courageous), but in the end she too had to break down, and she said to Mrs. Butler, "She has no mother now but you." It was just as much to her to give her daughter to go to this far-away province as it is for a mother in this country to send her precious daughter to India.

"Cherchez la femme" is a saying usually applied to things that are unfortunate or evil. Some years before, a young girl, Maria Bolst, the daughter of a German soldier of fortune and a bazaar woman, was sent by her father, who was decent enough to want to protect his little daughter, to the Baptist Mission School in Calcutta, where she was converted and inspired with the desire to help her mother's people. Three years before the date which we are considering she returned to Bareilly and from that time prayed most earnestly that missionaries should be sent to that city. It has been noted how unexpectedly the Butlers were compelled to begin their work in Bareilly. Maria Bolst was more than delighted to hear of the coming of missionaries and felt that her prayer was answered at

last. She immediately welcomed the Butlers and promised aid as she could give it.

The house that they rented had a large garden with a fine hedge of fragrant roses, which Mrs. Butler and Maria Bolst particularly enjoyed. As they sat by it they planned to take steps to reach the women and the children. Mrs. Butler's first effort was to open a school, but no children came. Thinking that they objected to entering a foreign residence, she hired a room in the bazaar and paid an old woman to seek little girls and to act as matron; still none would come. Her husband tried to help by asking one of the Indian men who spoke English if he could help in establishing the girls' school, but his reply was: "You are going to teach women to read? You will teach the cows next!"

Thinking that she had not gone down far enough, Mrs. Butler, with an interpreter, went to a Mohulla, the equivalent of the tenement house of Western life, but this was worse than anything that can be imagined in regard to sanitation and hygiene. It was a large inclosure with little huts of one room built against the walls, perhaps forty to forty-five huts, and there were women in that place who had never been outside the gate. The filth was indescribable and the poverty heart-rending. Approaching the door of one of these huts Mrs. Butler asked the woman, who was seated on the ground cooking over a fire of twigs between two stones, if she would like to let her little daughters come to school? There were three or four children running around in various stages of undress. The woman looked up and asked, "Are you married?" Mrs. Butler replied that she was, and the woman asked again, "Have you children?" and when the missionary said that she had, the third question came quickly, "Then what do you want of mine?" Patiently Mrs. Butler explained

how good it was for girls to learn to read and write and sew and how to be clean and healthy, but the woman most bitterly exclaimed, "You shall never have them!"

Mrs. Butler could only return to her home to fight discouragement, but she and Maria Bolst still prayed on. Then one day seemed to give promise of an opening. A fine-looking Indian gentleman came to call and said that he would like Mrs. Butler to visit the women of his household and teach them English. It seemed as if prayer had been answered. Mrs. Butler made immediate plans to accept this invitation. Accompanied by Maria Bolst she went to the house and found a number of pretty young girls who were much interested in the foreigner; so giving what little instruction she could and a brief testimony as to her trust in the perfect Incarnation, she made arrangements to visit them once a week to teach them English. That evening Maria Bolst came to the mission house in great agitation to say that her father was furious—that they had gone to one of the worst brothels in the city; that the only object of these girls in learning English was to become more attractive to the British soldiers! Again a great disappointment! Yet Mrs. Butler remembered that Christ's wonderful announcement of his Messiahship was given to the Samaritan woman!

Before any other effort could be made, just ten weeks after they were established at the home in Bareilly, the fearful Sepoy Rebellion broke out, and for a time it looked as if all Christian life would be swept away from Northern India. Mr. Butler had opened, immediately upon arrival, services in both English and Hindustani. A copy of his first circular announcing these services, written by Doctor Butler's own hand, remains and is presented here. It will be noticed that an appeal was made to the English-speaking community not only to attend themselves, but to

Circular.

The Rev W. Butler, Superintendent of the American Mission lately established in Bareilly, begs to inform the Residents of the Station that regular religious Services have been instituted in connexion with the Mission; and that they will be held as at the following times:

On every **Sunday** forenoon at Half past Eleven Divine Service will be conducted in the **Hindústaní** language;

On every **Sunday** afternoon at ½ past 4. Divine Service in the **English** language;

On each **Tuesday** evening at ½ past 6. there will be a **Hindústaní** service; and

On each **Thursday** evening at ½ past 7. there will be an **English** service.

The Services will be held in the large room, at Mr Butlers residence, near the Public Gardens.

The great leading object of this Mission being the religious welfare of the Hindoo and Mohamedan Population Mr Butler earnestly requests the Christian Residents of Bareilly to give these services their countenance and sympathy.

And he would respectfully suggest, that one day in each week Ladies and Gentlemen of this place might assemble and his efforts would be, to present, on his behalf a Kind **Invitation** to their Servants to attend the Hindústaní services, either on the week days or on the Sabbath, as may be most convenient.

Bareilly Feb^y 20. 1857. W. Butler.

FIRST CIRCULAR OF INDIA METHODISM

urge their servants to go to the vernacular service. Joel Janvier, the young man who was the gift of the Presbyterian missionaries at Allahabad, conducted the vernacular services. On April 1 the superintendent of the mission made a statistical report that there were now eight people for Methodism in India! The missionary and Mrs. Butler; Joel Janvier and Emma, his wife, Ann Hodgkinson, Maria Bolst, and also two members on probation named Isaac and Ramzan. Also the property acquired by the Mission was reported amounting to 333 rupees, or about one hundred dollars!

First announcement of Methodism in South Asia:

CIRCULAR

The Rev. W. Butler, Superintendent of the American Mission lately established in Bareilly, begs to inform the Residents of the Station that regular religious Services have been instituted in connection with the Mission; and that they will be held D. V. at the following times:

On every *Sunday* forenoon at *11 o'clock* Divine Service will be conducted in the *Hindustani* language;

On every *Sunday* afternoon at ½ *past 4* Divine Service in the *English* language;

On each *Tuesday* evening at ½ *past 6* there will be a *Hindustani* service; and

On each *Thursday* evening at ½ *past 7* there will be an English service.

The services will be held in the large room at Mr. Butler's residence, near the Public Gardens.

The great leading object of this Mission being the religious welfare of the Hindoo and Mahomedan population. Mr. Butler earnestly requests the Christian residents of

Bareilly to give these services their countenance and sympathy. And he would respectfully suggest, that, one way in which the Ladies and Gentlemen of this place might essentially aid his efforts, would be, to present, on his behalf, a kind *Invitation* to their Servants to attend the Hindustani services, either on the week day, or on the Sabbath, as may be most convenient.

Bareilly, Feb. 20, 1857. WM. BUTLER.

The first joyful report went home to the church: "We have a little place for preaching and have gathered a congregation of ten or twelve. God has sent us two inquirers of whose sincerity I am satisfied. A small beginning, but who shall despise the day of small things? On this humble foundation a glorious church shall yet arise."

The mutiny of the native troops in 1857 was caused by many different circumstances, but it was inspired by the intense hatred of the Moslem power, represented by the Great Mogul, Mohammed Suraj U Deen, against Christians, and the bitterness of the Hindus against the domination of the East India Company. The infamous Nana Sahib, a Hindu prince, conspired with the agents of the Great Mogul at Delhi to wipe out all English life from north India.

The army people understood this danger, and when word came of the first outbreak and the frightful atrocities committed at Meerut, they made plans to send the women and children away from Bareilly to places of supposed safety. The Presbyterian missionaries who had been so friendly with the Butlers wrote to say that they had boats prepared on the Ganges in which they could escape to Calcutta and urged the newcomers to join them. Mr. and Mrs. Butler decided, after careful consultation, that it was not for them, as missionaries, to run away at the

first alarm, so they declined this kind invitation. However, as the mutineers came closer and it was certain that the small number of English officers could not hold the native army, Colonel Troup ordered all noncombatants to fly from Bareilly. The first day that the order came the missionaries still felt that they should not leave. The second day the order was repeated. Again their decision was that they would not go; but the third day Colonel Troup came himself to insist on their departure. His interest was, of course, very sincere in the missionaries who had led him into a rich spiritual experience. Finding them reluctant, he knelt down with them to pray that God would show them that by leaving now they might possibly escape and then come back to renew their work after peace was restored. This made them willing to go. Colonel Troup then assisted them to make arrangements. There was only the small carriage available in which they had come up-country, and Mrs. Butler's health necessitated special care. At Colonel Troup's suggestion a little bedstead was turned upside down and made into a litter. Ropes tied to the corners of the bedstead were then suspended from long poles. Four men bore this rude litter, with one man as a torch-bearer to relieve the others from time to time. Mrs. Butler's account of the trip is as follows:

This being a religious insurrection there has been a special feeling against missionaries, and many a report is rife about my husband, the poor deluded people believing that he came by connivance of the government to make them all Christian whether they will or not.

We set out on our journey with very solemn feelings. We were leaving our home, leaving for an uncertain time our beloved missionary duties, not knowing what might lie before us. We started about nine o'clock last night. The weather had become very hot and the dust on the road had become something dreadful. We drove all night, and

in the bungalow where we rested during the day there were seven of us crowded into one small room. Starting again at six o'clock in the evening, we came to the Terai, the great jungle between the inhabited land and the hills. For sixteen miles there was no water to be had. Our bearers kept the torches very bright and shouted lustily to frighten away the tigers. We saw none, but somebody coming after us did. When about half way through the jungle the bearers left us. . . .

It was a night of toil and fatigue such as none of us had ever had before. At daybreak I arrived with my poor baby son at the miserable bungalow where I had to beg tea from a traveler for the children. We spent an uncomfortable day there—dirt and heat extreme—and lay down at night for a few hours, but at three o'clock in the morning started on our journey up the mountain, our objective being Naini Tal, a valley in the Himalaya Mountains at an elevation of 6,000 feet, with a little lake cradled within it. Colonel Troup, our beloved friend, had selected this place as our refuge and sent word to his brother residing there to receive and care for us. This good friend sent two jampans and twenty men to carry them. A jampan is something like a chair suspended between poles borne on men's shoulders. As day broke and we wound our way up the sides of the mountains one view seemed more beautiful than the other. After the plains of hot sand the rich verdure of the trees, the peaked summits of the Himalaya Mountains, with here and there the music of a mountain torrent, formed a delightful contrast. We had twelve miles to go. In the last four the ascent was very precipitous. It was at times fearful to look down from the narrow path we were on. At last we reached the summit and began to descend, when at length Naini Tal broke upon our delighted vision.

I hope that all who love the cause of Christianity and missions will make earnest prayer for India at this time.

Naini Tal had been selected as a place where the little handful of Europeans could take a stand, because there were only two passes in the narrow valley, one leading down to the plains by a steep trail skirting the precipices with a narrow road up which nothing could pass in the way of a wheeled vehicle. It was necessary to go in these rude sedan chairs mentioned in Mrs. Butler's letter, or on horseback, and even then the trip was in places terrifying. It speaks well for the calmness and poise of Mrs. Butler that she did not quail before the difficulties nor permit herself to get into a state of fret. The letters which were written at that time in the hope that some might get through the "wall of fire" which seemed to surround them were fortunately copied into the superintendent's book, and in one of them we find this expression which certainly indicates faith in the promises of God since the hand of man seemed to be powerless to protect them. It is not certain whether the letters themselves, written on very thin paper and criss-crossed in order to get in every last word without making the missives heavy, ever arrived. It is interesting, however, to see the confidence of the two Methodist missionaries in this perilous situation; they say, "If we are cut off, remember our mission and sustain it." The only anxiety expressed in these letters is about the children—the two little boys with them and the two others at school in New England; and again there is mourning over the fate of the library, as word came that the mission house, in fact, all foreign residences in Bareilly, had been burned. That library of almost one thousand volumes was a large one for those days, had been gathered by great sacrifice, and was precious to its owner, who studied all history and read all books with the one thought in his mind of the greatness of the kingdom.[1]

[1] Of their thrilling experiences at this time Dr. Butler wrote at length in The Land of the Veda.

It will be noticed that Mrs. Butler's cheerful spirit enabled her to enjoy the beautiful scenery even while flying for her life amid circumstances of greatest discomfort and peril.

The mutineers planned the uprising in Bareilly to occur on a Sunday morning in May, the hottest month of the year. Mrs. Butler was anxious to take Maria Bolst with her, but her father refused, declaring that there really was no reason for such alarm. He was among the first to fall when the Sepoys rushed into the city. Maria Bolst ran to the Mission House, hoping that possibly Joel, the native pastor, might be able to afford her shelter, but before she reached it, just by the hedge of roses where she and Mrs. Butler had so often counseled together, a Sepoy rode past and with one sweep of his sabre severed her head from her body. A friendly native who saw this came afterward and dug a shallow grave at the foot of the rose bushes, for the first indigenous member of the Methodist Church, the young woman who prayed us into Bareilly.

The refugees in Naini Tal were found to be eighty-six Englishmen and Mr. Butler, the one American man, to protect a group of women and children about a hundred and thirteen in number. The commissioner of the province, Sir Henry Ramsey, a devout Scotchman, called the men together to see what could be done to protect the pass, the only road up from the plains. The situation was critical, but William Butler said that as Sir Henry looked at his little squad, clerks, government officials, civilians of all sorts, and the one missionary, practically none of whom had handled a gun, and out of this material he was to make an army of defense, there was a twinkle in his eye. However, he managed to secure arms for each one of them and to outline his campaign of defense. The steep, narrow path leading up from the plains was to be cut away

in certain places where the precipice was deep, so that only one man could pass at a time. Rocks were to be piled above these places to be rolled down upon the invaders; this in order to husband the small amount of ammunition available. When Mr. Butler returned to his home with his rifle on his shoulder, his wife said that she had married a preacher, and not a soldier, but her husband replied that he was praying to the Lord to teach his arm to fight!

The Presbyterian missionaries who had previously invited Mr. and Mrs. Butler to come with them for safety attempted to escape when the storm broke; but the mutineers had been watching the boats, which they seized, and the refugees—men, women and children, fourteen in all — were brutally massacred. Three thousand Sepoys were sent to overwhelm the little garrison at Naini Tal and were repulsed each time. The fate of the little band of Bareilly was unknown to the outside world and it was supposed that they had all perished. Doctor Duff preached an obituary sermon for William Butler, deploring his death and the obliteration of this new Mission.

Close upon this the man who had made himself king in Bareilly put a price on the heads of all Christians, erecting a gallows especially for the missionary and offering a reward of five hundred rupees for Mr. Butler's capture. Every expedient was used to urge the Sepoys to storm the position of the little band up in Naini Tal; but hearing from their spies of the resolution of these Christian men who defended one hundred thirteen helpless women and children, they concluded to try to achieve their purpose by starving them out. The little band could defend the pass, but there was another road through the kingdom of Nepaul. It happened, however, that the sovereign had a wise prime minister. This man, Sir Jung Bahadur Jung, had made a

visit to England, and the British government had wisely shown him much attention, and taken him to visit the greatest navy yard in the world. When his king was constantly urged to join the forces of the mutineers the prime minister would give no answer but this, "I have seen Portsmouth." He refused to explain this and the mystery of it aroused superstitious fears of anything uncanny, and in their superstition they did not dare go in; therefore the little colony of refugees was not attacked from the rear and was able to hold its own.

For months this little band held the pass against an army of three thousand Sepoys sent to take them. The steep ascent and the narrow path helped these heroic men in the strenuous defense.

The condition of the refugees was pitiable in the extreme, and they would have starved but for the splendid Chris-

Naini Tal, the Place of Refuge

tian character of the governor of the province, Sir Henry Ramsey, whom the hill people trusted so fully that they accepted his notes as money to be redeemed when England should resume her power, and this in face of the rumors that came from the plain that all Christian life had been killed out of India. This Mutiny was the last great effort of the Moslem power, which had ruled India for one thousand years, to crush the rising Christian faith as well as the governing power of England.

Terrible jungle fever developed. In the midst of anxiety, illness, tropical rains, want of help, scarcity of food, and awful news of massacres, six weeks after the flight from Bareilly there came a little daughter into the home of the Butlers, and her safe arrival brought the first ray of cheer into the hearts of the beleaguered band.

At the little service which Mr. Butler held each Sunday, every lady except his wife wore some badge of mourning. One day an English woman who had supposed her husband dead received a messenger who had risked his life to come through the besiegers, bearing a word from her husband that he had escaped and was in hiding. The message was written on a very tiny piece of paper which was inserted through a slit in a bamboo stick; and for fear the message might be discovered the name of the village where he was hidden was written in Greek. Lest he might lose the message which she desired to have returned to her husband, Mrs. Edwards resorted to the Oriental love of symbolism. Telling the man to wait, she went into another room and there changed her black dress of mourning for one of spotless white. The native understood her perfectly and carried back her message to the anxious husband in his place of hiding. The garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness!

The courage of the missionaries is evident from the

perusal of an old letter book in which some of the expressions written when they did not know whether the next day would bring massacre and death still show a triumphant note. Mr. Butler pleads that whatever might happen to him and his family the mission should not be given up. The land had already gripped his heart's affection. He wrote: "India is the most valuable jewel in the crown of the God of this world and it were vain to imagine that he will tamely surrender it! Far from it! Mighty conflicts await those who wrestle for this noble prize, but it will be worth it all. Beautiful India, O God have mercy upon her! The Kohinoor once shone in the crown of the Great Mogul and ornamented the brow of the 'Lion of the Punjab,' so India, like her brightest gem, shall arise and shine with peculiar glory in the crown of the Son of God." Again he writes, "As Standard Bearer I have unfolded the banner of Methodism in this land."

Many weary months passed, and it was December before news of any success of the British arms brought release to the little band in Naini Tal. The colony had suffered greatly for lack of money. A bill of exchange was available on the Mission Board, but there was not a bank in all north India where it could be cashed until the royal city of Delhi should fall. Mr. Butler thought he would make his way across the mountain through friendly territory and down to the capital, where he might secure money and get in touch with the outside world. So leaving the little boys in Naini Tal, but accompanied by his wife and little baby daughter, they started across the lower Himalayan passes, sleeping in a tent, suffering intense cold by night, and encountering great difficulties of hill travel. Wild beasts abounded, and one night the milch goat, which was taken along for the baby's sake, and was tied to the tent rope, was seized and carried off by a tiger, when the protecting

fire burned low. There was nothing between the wild beast and the little baby on its cot but the canvas of the tent. At another point in this awful journey it was necessary to cross a fierce, rushing torrent on a rope-bridge, which hung about eighty feet above the rocks over which the waters dashed, and which was already condemned as unsafe. The mode of procedure was to be carried in a sort of hammock called a "dandy" by the natives, whose toes could cling to the swaying ropes. Mrs. Butler wrote of it:

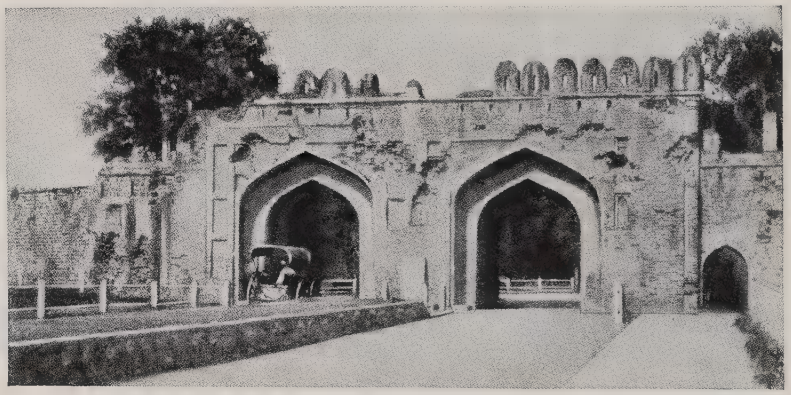
It swings considerably and I assure you requires good nerves in those who walk over it. Sweetheart did, but I lay down in my dandy and shut my eyes, not daring to breathe freely until we had safely reached the level on the top of the opposite bank. Then we stood and amused ourselves looking at the luggage and servants crossing. The hill men are used to the bridge and think nothing of crossing it, but our old cook put one foot before the other so cautiously as to make us all laugh heartily at him. The regular bridge men, a very strong, sure-footed set of fellows, with the smallest possible quantity of clothing on them, escorted us over, and I can testify that they carry ladies with great care.

Our road gradually ascended from the valley of the Ganges over rocks, up and down as usual. I was much struck with the abundance of cactus trees. They grew like brambles out of the rock, and in some places the trees were thirty feet high. Sweetheart killed a small venomous snake with his whip. He also killed one of the much-dreaded scorpions in a bungalow, and one night I was terrified at finding a centipede under baby, when I lifted her out of bed. When this reptile fastens its numerous feet in the skin of any one, it requires a red-hot iron applied to it to make it withdraw its claws.

After three weeks of extremely perilous and fatiguing travel the city of Delhi was reached. Coming to the

great Cashmere Gate late at night, the missionary knocked and was challenged by the sentry, at which William Butler gave the countersign for the day, "Friends," and the two Americans, the first travelers to reach the historic city after the siege, had the great gate unbarred and entered into the almost deserted place.

"*Friends!*"—a true password of the missionaries of Christ in any land.



The famous "Kashmire" gate at Delhi was stormed by Nicholson and his troops when Delhi was taken from the Sepoy mutineers by the British in 1857. Famine followed the rebellion, and directly after it, Dr. Butler began the orphanage and educational work of the Methodist Church in India.

CHAPTER III

TWO CHRISTMAS DAYS

MAY we abandon the order of events and look at two Christmas days? On the Lord's Birthday in 1856 Mr. and Mrs. Butler were the guests of the commissioner at Agra, an official who sympathized with their mission. Generously he devoted his time to showing them the sights of that wonderful city, two of which furnished striking contrasts. First he took them to see the Taj Mahal, the most beautiful structure the hands of man have ever raised. Mrs. Butler in letters to her sister and to the women of her church at home gives her impressions as follows (giving full credit to extracts from the vivid description of Bayard Taylor). "I was almost feverish in my anxiety to see it, but its beauty was far beyond anything that I had imagined. If there were nothing else in India, this alone would repay one for the journey."

Imagine with what incredulous delight her description of the Mosque Tomb must have been read in the Ladies' Aid Society of that day in the home church! Some of the sisters doubtless felt a little shaken in their ideas of the heroism of a missionary career, and a little apprehensive lest anything quite so entertaining ought to enter into the experience of a truly consecrated missionary! Fortunately, Mrs. Butler never was conscious of a halo, and so would not have cared if she had known that her reputation for piety was dimmed a bit by a letter so full of pleasure over mere architecture in a heathen land and in the sight of the gorgeous Durbar, which she had witnessed. (See page 42) The Butlers were permitted to stay in the guest house—virtually guests of the great Shah Jehan.

Speaking of the superb gateway of red sandstone that guards the entrance to the enclosed garden in which the Taj stands, she writes:

We climbed up flights of steps till we reached the summit, where a scene of beauty opened on the vision such as can never be forgotten. In the center of the garden rises the Taj. Down the garden runs an avenue of dark Italian cypresses between which sparkle long rows of fountains, each casting up a single silvery jet. On both sides the palm, the banyan and the feathery bamboo mingle their foliage, while under their shade are flowers of loveliest hues.

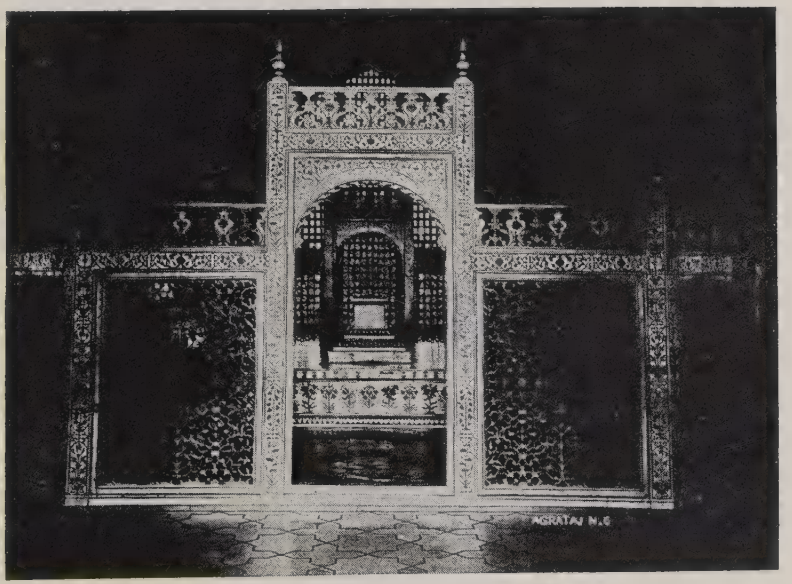
The entrance hall is of red sandstone inlaid with ornaments and texts from the Koran on white marble, is itself a palace. The lofty walls that surround the garden are of the same material, with the building on the right side of the garden used as a mosque and the one on the left for a traveler's rest house.

The central avenue from the gate to the Taj has a marble reservoir in the middle with a system of eighty-four fountains, the avenue flanked with rows of dark cypress trees. Beyond this lovely background the Taj rises into view from an elevated terrace of white and yellow marble about thirty feet in height with a graceful minaret at each corner.

The building is of white marble brought from Jeypore. An old manuscript gives an account of the materials used in its construction: the yellow marble from the Nerbudda, the black from Charkoh, the crystal from China, jasper from the Punjab, the carnelian from Bagdad, turquoises from Tibet, agate from Yemen, lapislazuli from Ceylon, diamonds from Poona, loadstone from Gwalior, amethyst and onyx from Persia, chalcedony from Villiat and sapphires from Lanka—and this does not exhaust the list.

Mrs. Butler wrote that she was informed that the whole of the Koran is inlaid upon the building, the letters being beautifully cut in black marble.

One may speak about perfection of outline and of graceful symmetry of proportion, but never realize the true meaning of the words until he sees the Taj burst into loveliness at the first rosy tint of dawn. Like piety or like heaven, it may be said of the beauty of the Taj, that no man knoweth it save him that receiveth it. Inside the building the floor is of polished marble and jasper, and the walls are ornamented with mosaic flowers formed of precious stones. Around are screens of marble filigree richly wrought in various patterns like frozen lace. In the center are the two tombs surrounded by a magnificent marble screen, the open tracery of which is wrought into beautiful flowers, and the borders of the screen are inlaid with precious stones representing flowers executed with such wonderful perfection that the blossoms appear almost as real as the beauties which they represent. Several of the flowers have as many as eighty different stones entering into one blossom.



MARBLE SCREEN AROUND THE TOMB IN THE TAJ

Mrs. Butler was particularly interested in what concerned the empress. The snow-white marble on her tomb is inlaid with flowers so delicately formed that they look like embroidery on white satin, so exquisitely is the mosaic executed in precious stones. Thirty-five different specimens of carnelian are employed in forming a single carnation, and one flower upon her tomb is said to be composed of no less than three hundred different stones. The name and date of the death of the empress with her virtuous qualities are recorded in the same costly manner on the side of the tomb. On the top—according to universal Mohammedan usage—is a slate or tablet of marble, while on the emperor's is a small box representing a penholder. These always distinguish a man's or a woman's grave among the Moslems, the idea being that a woman's heart is a tablet on which lordly man can write whatever pleases him best, and this mark of feminine inferiority was not spared even the beloved occupant of the Taj Mahal. And here were two Christian missionaries, the man holding his wife in honor as a fellow worker with an independent contribution to render to the work of the kingdom of Christ!

William Butler wrote that "if John Bunyan could have shared our opportunity he would surely have imagined his dreams realized and believed himself looking over the battlements of the New Jerusalem to that region of eternal day where holiness and peace are typified by pearls and gold and all manner of precious stones, with a river of life, clear as crystal, proceeding from the throne of God and the Lamb." And to see it on Christmas day was an additional joy to the enthusiastic soul of Clementina Butler, who had read of its marvels in her quiet Wexford home.

After this vision of loveliness the commissioner took his guests over to the jail to see a company of Thugs, worshipers of Kali. There sat these men boasting of the

lives that had been sacrificed in honor of the goddess Kali, one being especially proud of his record of thirty murders. Mrs. Butler wrote:

> It was like coming from a vision of heaven to a glimpse of something worse than Dante's *Inferno*, because the crimes for which these men were detained had been committed in the name of religion, the power which should elevate men, but which in their Hinduism had dragged them down to the depths where they gloried in their shame. The spectacle produced a sinking of heart which I shall never forget.

At this time the Great Mogul on the throne in Delhi was planning with fiendish cunning to cut off all Christian life in north India in honor of the rule of the Prophet Mohammed.

But Christmas, 1857! What a contrast! Instead of the emperor being on the throne he was now a prisoner, and the missionaries after months of siege were free. That Christmas morning the Butlers attended divine service in the Diwan I Khass, the magnificent Audience Hall of the Moguls. In this hall had stood the famed Peacock Throne, as the gorgeous symbol of the empire, and later, after its seizure by the Persian king, the Crystal Throne, on which the last of the line had been sitting until a few weeks before. Now, in this Audience Hall, on the birthday of the Prince of Peace, were gathered the Christian men of the British forces and the two missionaries.

The fall of the Great Mogul was the end of the Mohammedan domination of Hindustan. The first conquest was made by Mahoud of Ghuznee in the year 1001. During the following eight centuries sixty-five rulers of that faith held greater or less dominion over the chief racial families of the peninsula. The history of their rule is

lurid with cruelty and political bondage, brightened occasionally by the better record of such men as Akbar the Great. Of the monarchs who reigned in glory over the land it is said that only twenty-seven of the number died a natural death, all the others being exiled, killed in battle, or assassinated. The efforts of the Mahrattas to overthrow this power and of the Persians to seize the rich treasures of India make a chronicle of slaughter, perfidy, and war under which the Hindu people suffered through the centuries. The royal line of the Great Moguls has stamped on India its mark in the palaces and mosques and tombs of unparalleled magnificence, while the indigenous peoples were left in ignorance and poverty serving their oppressors.

India is enriched, however, by the beauties of this architecture. Nowhere in the world can be found more lavish display of human glory than one views in northern India, and of this the finest flower is the Taj Mahal built by the great emperor, Shah Jehan, in the seventeenth century, over the body of his beloved wife, Moomtaj I Mahal. It is asserted that the emperor manifested such devotion for her that he never elevated any other woman to the position of wife. She was a bitter foe to Christianity, a Khadija devotee. The inscription against Christianity which is in imperishable marble on her grave is said to have been placed there at her request, on the end of her tomb, facing the entrance so that all may see it as they approach, "And defend us from the tribes of unbelievers"— ("Kafirs," the word being a bitter word of contempt for Christians).

One of the most memorable experiences of her life came to Mrs. Butler when she went to see the deposed emperor, who when she arrived in India was occupying the throne of the Great Moguls and ruling with all the barbaric splendor of his Oriental court, facing disloyalty of his people, it

ZENAT MAHAL, THE LAST EMPRESS OF THE MOGUL LINE IN DELHI

is true, but still a great potentate of an illustrious line. Now, twelve months later, the missionaries in Delhi find him a prisoner, and the Moslem Empire, the greatest power under Islam which the world has known, fallen, finished! To see this man and also his empress, who was really more to blame for the conspiracy against the Christians than he, gave them a thrilling experience. They found the Emperor Mohammed Suraj U Deen in a little house of three rooms in the garden of the palace. He was over eighty years of age and had been supported for his last years on his weakened throne by British influence. During the Mutiny he had committed the greatest crime possible against Oriental ethics by allowing English women and children, who were under the shelter of his palace to be foully murdered.

We quote again:

The emperor was sitting cross-legged on a charpoy, a native bedstead, surrounded with cushions, eating his dinner, using his fingers only. He was richly dressed in a vest of cloth of gold with a magnificent coat of Cashmere embroidery and jeweled turban. His figure was slight, with a small face and a hooked nose, deeply sunken eyes and a scanty, pointed gray beard. Notwithstanding our knowledge of his vile treachery we could not look upon this descendant of Tamerlane without deep emotion. It was just twelve months that very week since we had seen his representatives, the Princes of Delhi, at the Durbar at Benares. The emperor looked at us for a moment with a flash in his eye that we well understood. It is true that he had been but a puppet in the hands of his ambitious sons (of whom we were informed that he had ninety). The East India Company had from time to time increased its allowance to the emperor, which now stood at $900,000 a year; but no amount could have been sufficient to satisfy the cupidity of these Shazadahs, the "*King's seed*," and the initiation of the conspiracy must be attributed to them, rather than to the emperor.

According to Oriental custom, Mr. Butler could not see the empress, but Mrs. Butler was taken to the hut where the favorite of the harem, the chief plotter, sat on the floor with her daughter. . . . Her pride had fallen, but not her vindictiveness. Mrs. Butler writes:

There was no look of royalty or even dignity about the empress. She wore a skirt and short jacket of ordinary material with a scarf over her head. Her hair was hanging down her neck with gold jeweled threads woven into the braids. Her ears were ornamented with many jeweled hoops. She appeared to be about thirty-five years of age. She had been married at sixteen to the emperor, who was then sixty-five. The most striking thing about her was a black mark on her face, about one third of an inch wide, beginning at the tip of her nose and extending up over the eyebrows, giving her a very peculiar aspect. This mark was something I had never seen in India and I could not ascertain what it signified.

The eunuch who was in charge of her, a very pompous man with the impudence common to such slaves, asked if the gentleman in the other part of the house were my husband, and being told he was and that he was a Christian minister, he inquired from whence we had come. As I replied "From Naini Tal" I looked directly at the empress. I wanted her to understand that we were part of the little band of refugees against which special detachments of soldiers had been sent.

Poor old Mohammed Suraj U Deen! His life was promised him when he had surrendered. His sentence was that he should be banished to live out the remainder of his life on the allowance of a coolie. His mortal remains lie near Rangoon with no tomb or monument of fairylike beauty erected over his grave like those of other emperors of this illustrious line. His violation of the sacred laws of Eastern hospitality was never forgiven.

During the months of the Mutiny when the Moslems were feeling that they were to be victorious, they seemed to become drunk with the lust of power, and their soldiers invaded the Hindu temples. Mrs. Butler wrote of the great temple of Mahadeva, near the gate of the palace, which she visited:

We saw all the idols knocked off their pedestals, the beautiful carved images smashed into fragments. We questioned the priests in charge about this, and their smoldering indignation burst forth against the Mohammedans; so we asked why they had joined the Mohammedans against the British, who had never outraged their religion, and had always protected them in its exercise. Their reply was, "We were deluded. They told us that the war cry was to be 'Do Deen Ek Zeen Men'—two religions in one saddle—but they soon gave us to understand that one of the two must ride behind."

The priest gave the visitors some broken images, which are now to be seen in the Museum of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society.

There were no foreigners in the whole city of Delhi save the English military forces. Mr. and Mrs. Butler, being the only civilians, had some remarkable opportunities. They not only attended the Christmas service held in the Diwan I Khass, but on the following day they witnessed a trial in the same place of one of the conspirators, the Nawab of Bullubgurh, a Hindu sovereign, who had been on friendly terms with the British but was induced by the emperor to join his forces. He became a Mohammedan and turned over the English under his protection to the Moslem fury and massacre. On this day the poor Nawab stood before the military court magnificently dressed. When his sentence was pronounced he uttered these words: "A year ago I sat on the high bough of prosperity, but in

an evil hour I cut off the branch which was sustaining me, and this is the result."

The Butlers, as the only civilian spectators of this solemn scene, watched with intense interest the proceedings of the court. Becoming weary of standing as the proceedings wore on, they looked around for a seat; none had been provided save for the use of the officers conducting the trial. At one side of the hall was the beautiful block of crystal which had served the sovereign as throne since the time that Nadir Shah took away the magnificent peacock throne. The missionaries gave questioning glances at the throne of the Great Moguls. Finally availing themselves of their courage as American citizens, they approached and sat down on the throne. There were a few amused glances from the officers of the commission and a wondering look from the Nawab, but nothing more. Mr. Butler wrote: "So I rested in the quiet conviction that my temerity had cost me nothing and that the seat was a good one. It may be that I am the only Methodist preacher who has sat upon a real Oriental throne." He continued:

Losing sight for a time of the trial, I was most wonderfully impressed with the significance of the occasion: What means this overthrowing of one of earth's greatest dynasties? I had been doomed to be hanged with my wife and children eight months before because we were Christian missionaries, by a lieutenant of this very emperor, yet here were we sitting quietly upon his throne while he, the Great Mogul, was a prisoner to be tried for his life!

My mind seemed to be lifted up to a view of our mission and its future. It was likely that thousands of destitute orphans, many of them sons and daughters of the Sepoys, would be left in misery and starvation. The question arose whether we should not prepare to take a number of these children, not only to save their lives but to train

them in the knowledge of Him who died for them, with the expectation that they should become the very helpers so very much required.

There came before my mind the vision of churches and schools of the early future, the college, the theological seminary, the cultured native agents who in days to come would carry this blessed cause over the land; but its brightest feature was the opportunity involved for woman, who would hereby be developed to give Christianity a social life. Without hesitation I assumed that the church at home would stand by me if I enabled them to see the necessity and the opportunity that would come within our reach. I felt sure that the women of Methodism would respond to that portion of the scheme which especially contemplated the rescue and redemption of their own sex in the hope that, by their aid, missionary women could make their influence felt in the homes of India.

Moved by this thought, after consulting with his wife, Mr. Butler drafted a letter addressed to the church at home, from which we must quote to show the direct appeal made to the womanhood of Methodism to undertake a specific work for India's daughters.

The King's Palace, Delhi
December 28, 1857

My Dear Dr. Durbin:

How wonderful it is to pass from the condition of weary fugitives subject to constant alarm and in danger of our lives, living in a cabin on the mountains with some anxiety as to how we were to keep body and soul together till relief should reach us—what a transition to pass from all this to positions where we rest in a king's palace!

I am writing this communication in no less a place than the Diwan I Khass, the reception hall of the Great Mogul. Around us are the splendid emblems of his magnificence, the carved and gilded ceilings and the white marble arches and pillars, beautifully inlaid with floral designs in mosaic,

the stems, leaves, and flowers of which are cornelians, jasper, chalcedony, and other precious stones. On the ground where my feet are resting thousands have prostrated themselves in homage before the successive incumbents of one of the mightiest monarchies that the world has ever seen.

On my right hand sits the military commission for the trial for prisoners and there before them is the Bullubgurh Rajah on trial for his life.

After reminding the church that the farewell missionary services for the first two missionary families to come to the aid of the Butlers were being held in Boston on May 31, the very day of the massacre of Bareilly, he wrote:

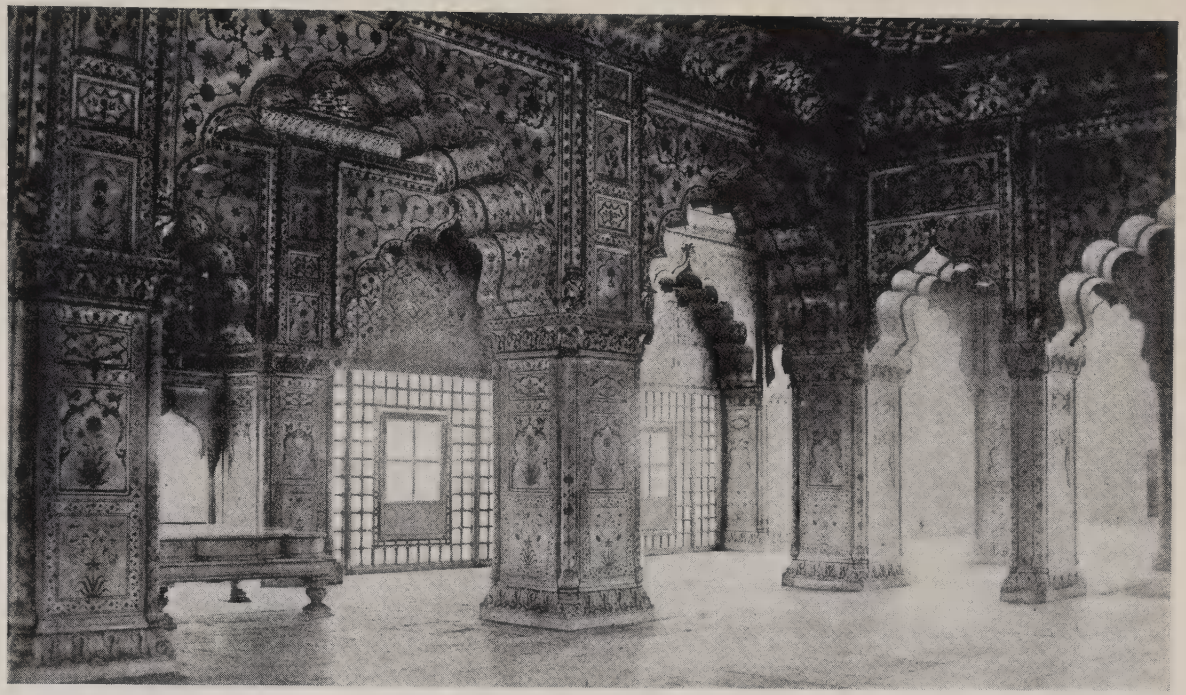
While your hymns of praise were like incense on the altar ascending to God, the home and property of your missionaries were in flames. Allowing for the difference in time, the coincidence is exact even as to the hours when these respective events took place. Our long night of sorrow was a day of holy joy to you.

We can never reach the murderers of Bareilly, but what is to become of the orphans of these men? Shall they perish? Or shall we take them and rear them for Christ and for his church? My brethren and sisters, shall I be supplied in the measure that the mercy of our religion calls upon us to undertake? I have made inquiry and find that $25 will meet every expense to feed, clothe, and educate one child for one year.

I therefore turn to our brethren and sisters and ask their aid in this matter. Our missionary treasury cannot undertake this additional burden. Are there not those who, without curtailing their regular missionary subscription, have the heart and ability to authorize us to take one child and train it up for Christ at their expense?

I make my appeal from Delhi, from the very apartment where the proclamations were issued which spread horror and woe over these fair provinces.

Brethren and sisters, help us to save these poor little



DIWAN I KHASS, THE HALL OF AUDIENCE
The throne of the Great Mogul at the left

ones. If you take them, you will think about them; if you pay for them, you will certainly pray for them. God will honor your deed of Christian mercy, and at a future day in many a delightful instance will the blessing of those now ready to perish come upon you.

The definite appeal contained in this letter of William Butler to the women of the church three times repeated found response in many hearts. Provision was made for one hundred and fifty girls to be received, and their training thus begun no doubt prepared the hearts of Methodist women who undertook the responsibility for the definite call which was to come twelve years later for the larger responsibility of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society.

After the close of the Mutiny the Butlers were able to collect a number of valuable curios which were sent to the United States and used to arouse missionary interest. Among them were rare idols which had formerly belonged to prominent Hindus or temples, but which had lost their sacredness by being broken and desecrated by Mohammedans when British power was removed from North India. Again the Hindu, when the Mogul power had fallen, looted the Mosques and later sold the articles. One purchased at this time is a large slab of marble on which is the imprint of the last footstep of Mohammed on earth! Swords used in the Mutiny, from the Kookrie of the Hill folk, to the beheading sword, the curved blade like those used in the sacrifices to Kali, were also bought and some of them are in the Missionary Museum.

After long months of fear that she had been killed in the Mutiny, Mrs. Butler's sisters learned that she was safe in Naini Tal, though she had lost all her possessions, and they prepared to send boxes of supplies for her needs. Among other things each sister sent material for a silk dress and one included a lot of white illusion, as tulle was called in

those days, and some black velvet ribbon. For her husband they sent broadcloth that he might again appear in clerical vestments when he entered the pulpit. It chanced that after these boxes arrived the commissioner of the province held a reception to which every foreigner of good standing was invited. It put the stamp of respectability on all foreigners to be invited to such an occasion, so of course it was necessary for the Butlers to go. A durzee, or tailor, was secured, who for the modest sum of two and a half dollars per month sat on the front veranda and copied any garment, making also some startling original designs. To this man Mrs. Butler intrusted the precious broadcloth and saw him spread it on the veranda floor, so the prospect seemed good for her husband to be properly attired for the great function. But lo and behold! when the garment was finished one leg of the trousers was all right but the other was the wrong way. The great day was approaching, so there was nothing to be done but to attempt a rescue herself. She had not bargained on making trousers as a part of her missionary job, but it had to be done and she did it! Her husband was quite concerned as to how she would array herself for the occasion, but when the evening came she stepped forth in a black silk skirt and a waist of white illusion adorned with the black velvet ribbons. and all went happily at the reception!

The romantic story of another article of Mrs. Butler's wardrobe has often been told. When the missionaries reached Delhi after the eight months' siege in Naini Tal their clothing was decidedly the worse for wear. Nothing could be bought in the little mountain village, nor did they have the funds for anything beyond the daily food. Her husband was absolutely ignorant as to the details of woman's dress, but he did know that his wife should be supplied with new and appropriate clothing. The morning

after their admittance through the Cashmere Gate, while his wife was caring for the baby he went out to see if any shops were open. The city was still under martial law and he could find nothing. However, some soldiers were holding an auction of shawls which they had looted from the bazaar. Mr. Butler did not know the kind of shawls these were, but thought that they looked as if they would keep his wife warm in the cold nights of India's winter months, so he bid on the first one offered. The soldier in charge seemed a little startled at his offer and asked for other bids. None was forthcoming, as the men had received word that they were to march immediately for the section where the fighting was still on, consequently they could not carry in their knapsacks more than the things required for their own needs. So the shawl was knocked down to the first bidder, who returned to the dak bungalow much pleased to think that he had a Christmas present for his beloved wife. But when he held the gift up before her she manifested surprise, and gasped out, "What did you pay for that shawl?" She knew instantly what he did not—that it was a real Cashmere covered with embroidery which requires months and months of the labor of skilled men to complete! That her husband, having lost house, clothing, books, and all their possessions, should purchase an expensive Cashmere shawl for her seemed utterly out of reason. She knew that such shawls were then selling in London at prices from five hundred to seven hundred dollars, and that they were so highly considered that Queen Victoria was accustomed to present them as wedding presents to the young ladies of her court. Her anxiety was quickly abated when she found that her husband in his blissful ignorance had offered twenty-five rupees, a sum equal at the time to about thirteen dollars!

There was no way of returning it to the original owners,

and the weather was cold as it often is in December in North India, so she accepted it gratefully. It kept the baby warm, it served as a bed cover, and so marvelous was the material and workmanship that it continued to serve her acceptably from that day until her death at the age of ninety-three. She wore it the first time at the Christmas service in the Diwan I Khass, and again in the little room in Tremont Street church, March 23, 1869, a more important day! At first it was rather brilliant and she used to call it her Joseph's coat of many colors, but the sea air and washings have subdued its tones. It is yet a thing of beauty and is taken occasionally from its resting place in the Missionary Museum to be used as a collection plate. As such its highest record was at the General Executive Meeting in Des Moines, when pledges for one hundred and ten thousand dollars for the Retirement Fund for our aged missionaries were placed on its outspread folds. The stamp of the Maharajah of Cashmere is still visible on the corner of this fine piece of Oriental handicraft. One may be sure that the Maharajah would not have put it to such royal service!

The Butlers had an exalted idea of the task before them. Not for a moment did they think it was easy or to be circumscribed by small plans. As soon as Mr. Butler arrived in Bareilly he wrote:

> We are as yet alone. No, not alone, either. Another is with us, for the Captain of our salvation is in Bareilly. In His presence as standard bearer I have given the folds of our denominational banner to the breeze in the midst of six million human beings never before reached by any missionary agency; but what is a commander and an ensign without supporters? It is for you and the whole church to answer this question. God helping me, I will uphold the standard as a rallying point until you send help. God

has opened this grand field to us. Let us honor Him by accepting it and honor our noble people by faith in their zeal and liberality to follow where God has so manifestly opened the way. In holding Rohilkund, the church will hold the keys which it may be God will some day require her to employ in opening the door of faith to Ladak, Tibet, and Chinese Tartary.

He asked immediately for twenty-five missionaries to be sent, saying that he wanted eight for Lucknow; for Bareilly, four; Fysabad, three; Shahjehanpore, two; Moradabad, four; Budaon, two; and Philibit, two—and gave his reasons for opening these points. The church at home, which had at the time only two or three other missionaries in the foreign field, was startled. In fact, the request was regarded in the light of a joke, and one of the secretaries wrote back to ask, "Would not twenty-three do?" Only two assistants came out in 1857 and seven in 1859.

The audacity of the missionaries in making these extended plans appalled some of the British officials. When appeal requesting aid for the educational work projected was taken to Sir James Outram, he accused the applicants of wishing to incite another mutiny, and asked why they should desire to introduce twenty-five workers all at once. Sir James refused to give a rupee to aid the work, characterizing it as "Dangerous, dangerous!" And he a British military commander!

After these marvelous experiences in Delhi the missionaries journeyed down to Agra, where they hoped to meet their first re-enforcements, the Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Humphrey and Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Pierce, who had been tendered the farewell meeting given them in Boston on the very date when the massacre at Bareilly had occurred. There being no cable to tell them of events in India, they sailed that summer, arriving in Calcutta in September only

to hear that the superintendent and the Mission had been absolutely swept away. It was some weeks before they received word of the safety of the Butlers, and the superintendent's instructions to come up-country. There were but few landmarks left and much of the territory was still in disorder; but believing that the mutineers would spare the Taj Mahal, a monument of one of their great emperors, and that their fanaticism for a tomb would also help to deter them from damaging the marvelous structure, Mr. Butler instructed the new recruits to come to Agra and meet him in the grounds of this palace tomb. Therefore within the Taj Mahal, and in front of the sarcophagus, where there is inscribed in letters of enduring marble, "Let not the foot of a Christian profane my grave," William and Clementina Butler met their first re-enforcements, and they all sang together under the echoing dome, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow!"

The report to the missionary secretary was this:

> We have them at last, glory to God. How good to see them after these twenty-two months of loneliness! Little did Shah Jehan imagine when he built this tomb and inlaid its marble walls with the words of the Koran, that the missionaries of God's Messiah would find a friendly shelter in the inclosure and sing as we have just done with glowing hearts our evangelical doxology over his very dust.

The initial history of events always commands our interest. The chronicle of the first Methodist Church in India surely should be recorded. As soon as Mr. and Mrs. Butler returned to Naini Tal with their two recruits they felt they must have a church. There was as yet no remittance from home, but Mr. Butler managed to get enough money together to buy the only vacant building in Naini

Tal. It was a sheep-house, just four walls and a patched roof; but he opened up some windows, used a generous amount of whitewash, and put in benches for seats. Mrs. Pierce, who had some little skill with her pencil, made a sketch of the outside and inside of this, the first Temple of God in India for the people called Methodists. William Butler's description of the preparation of this:

The sheep-house was transformed in three days. We cleared it out; a quantity of clay was thrown in and leveled, which, beaten down, made a good floor. I whitewashed it; Brothers Pierce and Humphrey made the benches; Joel saw to the leveling of the ground outside. When it was finished and swept out, though too humble to have a formal public dedication awarded it, yet I was resolved that a hearty consecration to God's service it should not lack, so I shut the door and all alone knelt and offered to the

India. First Methodist Episcopal Church Transformed by the Rev. William Butler From a Sheep House

condescending God of mercy this humblest of all places where he records his name.

On the following Sabbath morning the unpretentious little church was opened for services; everyone was delighted with the changes so quickly made and the suitability of the little building for its new purpose. Mrs. Butler, Mrs. Humphrey, and Mrs. Pierce, with due regard to Oriental prejudice, sat at the side, rather than near their husbands.

The first convert to join the mission was a Mohammedan, Zahur Ul Huqq, whose sons and grandsons have followed him into the Christian ministry. The second was a Brahmin, and of the highest caste, whose pride was supposed to protect them from any approach of Christianity. The first daughter of India to come directly from Hinduism under the influence of the mission was found when Mr. Butler said to his wife one day, "Would you like a little Indian girl?" Her response was enthusiastic. Though she had her own sweet little daughter in her arms, Clementina Butler had room in her heart for this little dirty waif, half-starved, pock-marked, blind in one eye, whom she took to her love and thus started the child on the way to Christian womanhood. A few days later an English soldier came in with a little girl that he had found by the wayside, buried alive, her little face barely above the surface of the ground. So the orphanage work of our mission was started with these two little waifs as the pioneers of thousands and thousands of girls whose lives have been blessed and made useful by our work.

However, the missionaries were not content with waiting for the home church to rise to the great need. They appealed far and wide for help, Mr. Butler even addressing the Viceroy and the Bishop of Calcutta on behalf of the school work, since the mission had taken up such a large number

of native orphan children. To be sure, he was turned down rather curtly by both these dignitaries, but other philanthropic people did respond, and some became regular contributors, so that in the nine years of his stay in India he collected over $72,500 from local sources.

Mrs. Butler was nothing if not positive in her convictions. In an old letter she describes an interview with an English official who declined to contribute to the mission, expressing a doubt as to whether missions were really needed. After some argument she said: "If your mind bows down before the majesty of divine revelation, you have no alternative but to believe. Besides, this country is to be redeemed, General, whether you help it or not. God will save these people, and in that day of mercy who will be regarded with grateful emotion by its converted millions? Not the ones who now shut up their purses and refuse to lend a hand to lay the foundation of a glorious future."

When the Butlers were able to get back to Bareilly they found that the rebels had destroyed every house suitable for occupancy by Europeans, except the post office building. This they spared, for the secret meetings of the Free Masons which had been held there, owing to their superstitious fear of the mysterious doings of that organization. The question as to where the missionaries could be lodged became a serious one. The government was anxious to erect barracks for the soldiers, so they requisitioned all building material. Meanwhile Mrs. Butler was living in a little tent, then in a native hut, and finally in an old palace which had the name of grandeur but no doors. One night she awoke to find the wild dogs sniffing round the cradle, so that one may fancy a council on house-building next day! Finally, in despair, Mr. Butler obtained permission to go into the jungle and cut down trees for supports and roof. Taking coolies he went into the thicket,

and then into the deep forest, picking out certain trees which he judged would afford suitable lumber. These were cut and roughhewn into beams with crude tools. Then arose the query, where could bricks be secured? One day the pastor, Brother Joseph, suggested that they might buy some old tumbled-down houses and clean off the bricks thereof. This was done. The bricks were small, hardly more than an inch and a half in thickness, but of good material. So the house went up, and at last there was a home again in Bareilly. No training in building had been part of the missionary's equipment, but so well was this house constructed that little save minor repairs was needed for many years. At the Jubilee in 1906 the beams were replaced by railroad iron bars because of threatened destruction by white ants, and a coat of whitewash freshened its appearance; otherwise the house is as constructed (in 1859). A large room in front served as a chapel for a long time until a church could be erected.

A story connected with the building of this house is recorded in *From Boston to Bareilly*, which may be repeated here, as it touches on the source of success. The British official in charge of public works rather coveted the supplies which the missionary had secured. Thinking to find out where he secured the materials, the official accosted the Indian Christian in charge, flattering him by saying nice things about Mr. Butler, and finally, believing that he had made a good impression, he asked suddenly, "Where does your Sahib get his bricks?" Brother Joseph was suspicious of the sudden interest, but feigning innocence he came close to the officer and said: "Sahib, I will tell you. My Sahib is a Jesus Christ man, and when he wants material he tells God in prayer and God gives him just what he needs." The official went off in high dudgeon, but he did not get the missionary's bricks!

There was reason for haste, for the three missionary families needed suitable homes before the intense heat of the spring should set in, and already they were looking forward to the arrival of others. It was 1859 before the second party came, and how they were welcomed! In that party were the Rev. and Mrs. E. W. Parker, afterward Bishop Parker, the Rev. and Mrs. J. M. Waugh, and James M. Thoburn, afterward Bishop Thoburn. Several years passed before William Butler's appeal for twenty-five helpers was fully realized.

A delightful instance of interdenominational fellowship occurred soon after this time. The call to the church to undertake the education of the orphan children made it desirable to establish a large orphanage for boys at Shahjehanpore and one for girls at Bareilly. When the American Civil War broke out there was some question among the British people as to whether the support promised for these large institutions would be curtailed. The following letter received by the Superintendent is surely a model of Christian charity and unity:

My Dear Dr. Butler:

Some of us to whom the cause of Christ in connection with every branch of his church is dear are beginning to feel very anxious about the probable effects of the disastrous war in America on all American missions. We are therefore making inquiries in order if necessary to apply to our friends alike in India and Great Britain. We would be saddened to see any of these missions curtailed in any way. Have you, for instance, any orphans brought in from the famine? If so, are you likely to be in difficulties about their support?

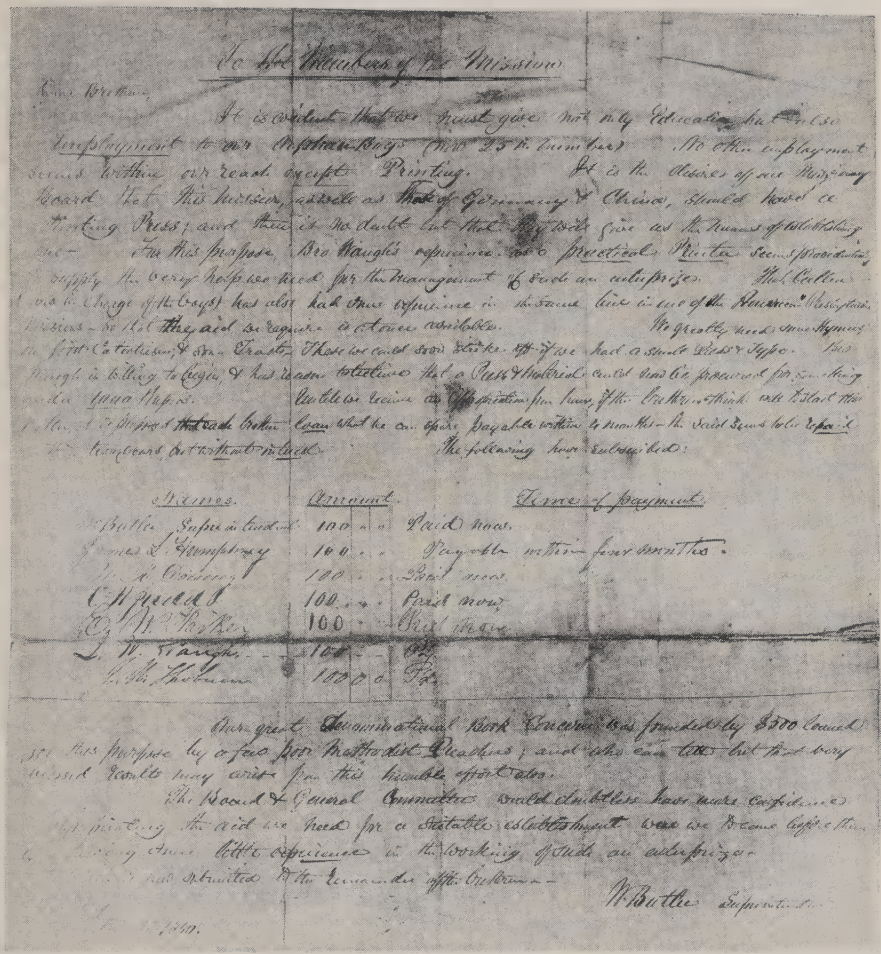
Yours affectionately,

Alexander Duff.

The nine years in India were full of trying experiences. On one occasion, when Mr. Butler was absent on a fortnight's trip, the baby son was taken ill and died, and there was no way, in that era before the telegraph, of sending word. The broken-hearted mother was obliged to instruct the native pastor how to prepare a casket and grave for the precious little body. When the father returned all she could do was to point to the empty cradle.

Missionary work was not confined to preaching. It became imperative to print tracts and Christian hymns, although there was no press available. "We trust to see some of our blessed literature fructifying this language and carrying to the judgment and conscience of thousands whom we cannot reach directly the pure gospel of Christ." Finally a little press was secured, but it had no roller for the ink. So Mr. Butler and one of the second group of missionaries, the Rev. James M. Waugh, who had had some experience in a printing office as a young lad, experimented with molasses and glue, and great was the anxiety of the mission when after many hours of hard work the composition was left to harden over night. It was a delight when the roller turned out to be a success! One can imagine how the pots and kettles from Mrs. Butler's kitchen were requisitioned for this service.

The story of the financial backing of this press is of interest. Months must elapse before appeals could reach the Board for funds, and often then, as now, there was not money in the treasury to respond to such calls. But the need was so great that Mr. Butler sent an appeal to the missionaries on the field asking for contributions, to which each one responded with a gift of one hundred rupees. In this appeal he reminded them that the great Book Concern of our church was founded by the loan of five hundred dollars from a few preachers. So now, seven



To the Members of the Mission

Dear Brethren,

It is evident that we must give not only Education but also employment to our Orphan Boys (now 25 in number) No other employment seems within our reach except Printing. It is the desire of our Missionary Board that this institution, as well as that of Germany & China, should have a Printing Press; and there is no doubt but that it would give us the means of establishing one. For this purpose Bro Vaughs experience as a practical Printer seems providentially to supply the very help we need for the management & work on a subscription. Bro Beetle who has charge of the boys has also had some experience in the same line & two of the Brethren Missionaries — Bro Hall & Bro Hodges — would, they said be required to devote a portion of their time to it. We greatly need some Hymn Books in Spanish Catechisms & Bro Traats Those we could soon strike off if we had a small Press & Type. Bro Vaughs is willing to begin & has been studying that a Press & Material could also be procured for printing in Lima & Chile. Beetle we learn on application from home, of the Publishing Society which will stand the Board in good stead. We could pay the cost within 6 months — the Society would be repaid by Brethren & without interest.

The following have subscribed:

Names.	Amount.	Terms of payment
W. Butler Superintendent	100 . .	Paid now.
James L. Tompkins	100 . .	Payable within four months.
J. H. Dodson	100 . .	Paid now.
C. H. Pfeiffer	100 . .	Paid now.
[illegible]	100 . .	Paid now.
L. W. Vaughs	100 . .	[illegible]
[illegible]	100 . .	[illegible]

Our great Denominational Book Concern was founded by $300 raised for this purpose by a few poor Methodist Preachers; and who can tell what very blessed results may arise from this humble effort also.

The Board of General Committee would doubtless have more confidence in granting the aid we need for a Statable establishment were we to become acquainted with your little experience in the working of such an enterprise.

And submitted to the Remainder of the Brethren —

W. Butler Superintendent

1860.

Appeal for the Press and Industrial Work, Dated 1860

(See next page for printed reproduction)

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE MISSION

Dear Brethren,

It is evident that we must give not only Education, but also *Employment* to our Orphan Boys (now 25 in number). No other employment seems within our reach except Printing. It is the desire of our Missionary Board that this Mission, as well as that of Germany and China, Should have a Printing Press and there is no doubt but that they will give us the Meanes of establishing one. For this purpose, Brother Waugh's experience as a *practical Printer* seems providentially to supply the very help we need for the management of such an enterprise. Thomas Callen (now in charge of the boys) has also had some experience in the same line in one of American Presbyterian Missions —So that the aid we require is at once available. We greatly need some Hymns, first Catechism, and some Tracts—these we could soon strike off if we had a small Press and Type. Brother Waugh is willing to begin, and has reason to believe that a Press and Material could now be procured for something under 1,000 Rupees. Until we receive an Appropriation from home if the brethren think well to start this Matter, it is proposed that each brother *loan* what he can spare, payable within 4 months—the said sums to be *repaid* within two years, but *without interest.* The following have subscribed:

Names.	*Amount*	*Time of payment*
Wm. Butler Superintendent	100	Paid now.
James L. Humphrey	100	Payable within four months.
M. R. Downey	100	Paid now.
C. N. Judd	100	Paid now.
E. W. Parker	100	Paid now.
J. W. Waugh	100	P'd.
J. M. Thoburn	100	P'd.

Our great Denominational Book Concern was founded by $500 loaned for this purpose by a few poor Methodist Preachers; and who can tell but that very blessed results may arise from this humble effort also.

The Board and General Committee would doubtless have more confidence in Appropriating the aid we need for a suitable establishment were we to come before them after having some little *experience* in the working of such an enterprise. The matter is now submitted to the remainder of the brethren.

Bareilly, January 16, 1860 W. Butler, Superintendent.

hundred rupees given by these missionaries established in the city of Lucknow the publishing house of our mission, which has become, with its various branches in Calcutta and Madras, the largest mission press in all Southern Asia.

The appeal had a secondary but not less important object. It is sometimes inferred that industrial mission enterprise is a modern idea. The first paragraph of the document carried a call for the establishment of this press as a means of giving employment to the orphan boys to whom other avenues of livelihood because of caste or religious prejudice were closed.

Mrs. Butler's interest in this press was acute, for she remembered how deeply she was indebted for her own education to the good books which came into her home in her youth. She never forgot the interest, and many years afterward, in 1880, when her beloved friend, Mrs. Elizabeth Sleeper Davis, was going around the world on a mission tour, and consulted with Mrs. Butler as to what objects were the most needed in the different fields, Mrs. Butler referred to the need of Christian literature in India. Mrs. Davis gladly responded and gave for the founding of Christian periodicals for women the sum of five thousand dollars, which became the nucleus for the Zenana Paper Fund, under the benefit of which the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society now publishes the *Woman's Friend* in five of the vernaculars with a host of Children's Friends supplementing this effort to send Christian periodical literature into homes for the benefit of the women and children of India. These magazines were the forerunners of those now being published interdenominationally by a committee organized in 1912 under the Federation of the Woman's Board of Foreign Missions.

At first there were only a few Christian hymns composed by the Hindustani pastors, entirely inadequate for the

needs of a church whose Christian spirit has always manifested itself so fervently in sacred song. The history of the first real hymn book issued by our press is therefore valuable, and this part of it to missionary women especially. Mrs. Humphrey, the wife of one of the first two recruits to come to India, had fine linguistic ability. No other of the missionary family was able to use the vernacular as well as she, and her spirit was on fire to serve the women of India, but she was frail and soon became an invalid, so that her ambition to serve was unfulfilled. Mrs. Butler frequently visited her in the hope of cheering her and making her feel less useless. One day she found a number of pieces of paper lying on the bed, and said: "Sister Humphrey, what are you writing?" "Oh, I was just translating some of our hymns to pass the time." Mrs. Butler had a vision! "Oh," she said, "it may be that you can do what no one else in our missionary family can do! You can set India Methodism to singing."

And so it proved. In the first little hymnal published on the improvised press are about fifty hymns, translations and lyrics which can be sung to Indian tunes. About thirty are the work of this dear invalid, who had felt that she was of no service. (A copy of this old hymn book is in the possession of the Museum of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society.)

There was a very happy balance of authority in the Butler family. When it came to electing where they should live, whether India or Mexico, her husband's choice was sufficient reason for her acceptance of the proposition, but when it came to the question of the children or the home life the mother was always happily accorded the final word. For instance, Doctor Butler was very fond of pets. The home usually had the solace of a good dog and a friendly cat. She even bore with the monkeys which from their

THE INDIA MISSION CONFERENCE IN 1864

purchase in the compound made life gay for the children until their untimely end through the onslaught of a swarm of wild bees. However, when her husband came home one day announcing with delight that he had brought a Royal Bengal tiger cub as a family pet, she lay down her ultimatum. The cub was a beautiful creature with black and gold stripes, furry ears and velvety paws. Just the jolliest kind of pet it would have been if it had not been for its tendency to grow up, and to have the bubbly purr change into a snarl and growl. Mrs. Butler knew that hidden in the soft cushiony paws were the cruel claws which might make a terrible gash should the children venture too close. So, unheeding her husband's delight in the Royal Bengal, she laid down the law that it must go back to the donor—and back it went!

Not that she was not interested in the natural joys of childhood. When they came to the station in Cawnpore, on the first lap of their journey back to America, the train was the first that the children had ever seen, except the older lad, who was too tiny at the time to remember it. After a long wait the train pulled in. Mrs. Butler said that if the engineer had been paid for performing for the particular benefit of her family he could not have done better. The whistle sounded, the bell rang, the smoke poured out of the funnel in tremendous clouds and to crown all the impression a lot of glowing coals tumbled out of the firebox onto the track. The boys were so delighted with the performance of the modern engine that they turned somersaults then and there on the platform.

After nine years' service Mr. Butler's health required a trip to the homeland. First, they must see something of Burmah, the land where Judson waited seven long years for his first convert, but where so rich a harvest was now being gathered. So a pilgrimage was undertaken to that country

by the Butlers. While there they were the guests of the Baptist missionaries, and had the privilege of a trip into the Karen country, where Mrs. Butler renewed her knowledge of the devotion of the heroic and consecrated "Ann of Ava," Ann Hazeltine Judson, whose marvelous story of sacrifice and devotion is known to missionary women. A leaf of the hopia tree, which grows over Mrs. Judson's grave, was one of the choicest treasures Mrs. Butler brought from that land of loveliness.

The homeward voyage from Calcutta via the Cape of Good Hope was by sailing vessel with a small auxiliary crew. It was to be a four months' voyage, passing twice under the equator and promising to be rather tedious, but for these missionaries, who had had little leisure during the strenuous nine years in India, it seemed like a delightful opportunity to read and study. Three precious boxes of books were packed by which they expected to enjoy and profit, but after the ship had sailed it was discovered that by some mistake those particular boxes had been left on the wharf! The ship's meager library afforded little mental food for such students as these, and the incident may be classed as one of the trials of their missionary life, not so harrowing as facing guns and fleeing before hostile soldiers, but still a thing bitter enough to require much patience to endure!

And the question was what to do with three active children on a trip which was to occupy long months voyaging around the whole continent of Africa. Here Mrs. Butler's fertile imagination helped out. In the home that was to be re-established in New England they would need household linen, and even boys might be taught to sew, so she had provided several bolts of cotton cloth. This was fortunate, for the children were repulsed by the adult passengers on the deck, nor were they endured in the crowded saloon,

but perched on the upper berths in their mother's large cabin the boys energetically hemmed sheets, led on in their task by the promise of a shilling apiece when they landed in London! Weary hours were beguiled by the youngsters in planning what they would buy with their shilling, and it would have taken hundreds of dollars to secure all that they planned with that wonderful new coin, which they had never before seen. It sounded so much bigger than a rupee.

A delightful break in the monotony of the voyage came at Cape Town, where a Wesleyan missionary, a close friend of David Livingstone's, was most cordial, not only in entertaining the Butlers, but shared with them some of the trophies presented to him by his friend, the famous missionary explorer. Imagine Clementina Butler, the hero worshiper, receiving an arrow and a spear which had been brought by the very hands of Livingstone from Central Africa, while Doctor Butler's arms were filled with a pair of horns which spanned fifty inches from tip to tip. That visit was an oasis indeed in the tedium of the long journey.

Arriving in London, the parents desired to make up for the lack of many opportunities denied by their residence of nine years in India, so they took the three older children to view all of the great sights of London: the Tower, Westminster Abbey, London Bridge, The House of Parliament, and then made the fatal mistake. They stood the three up in a row and inquired which of the great sights of this, the stateliest city on earth, they had thought the most marvelous. Alas indeed, for the father's opinion of his offsprings' mental ability! For all three of the children, with one accord, shouted "Tom Thumb!" A tiny dwarf dressed up to represent a crow was more marvelous to them than the historic treasures and the regalia of Great Britain! We

may trust that Clementina Butler's sense of humor and knowledge of child psychology saved the situation.

Just before landing in Southampton, when the pilot came on board, the passengers, who had been one hundred and thirteen days without news, crowded around him to inquire what were the events of the day. He replied that there was nothing in particular, but when they asked what about the Civil War in America he woke up and said, "Lincoln has been assassinated and the war is won by the Union." The majority of the British people on board had been sympathizers with the Southern Confederacy and had sometimes made things most uncomfortable for the American missionary family, which stood for the Union, but when this crime of what they considered regicide was announced, it

The Three Who Preferred Tom Thumb

seemed immediately to turn their sympathies toward the martyred President and the cause for which he stood.

On landing in the United States the Butlers were met at the wharf by their son, John W. It was a happy reunion after almost ten years' absence, and the parents' hearts were particularly cheered at the announcement made by the son that he had resolved to dedicate himself also to the missionary work of their beloved church. William Butler returned to the New England Conference and was stationed at the Walnut Street Church, Chelsea.

CHAPTER IV

THE WOMAN'S FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY

THE Japanese government is considered by many to be the strongest on earth, with its royal line reaching back of history into the dim traditions of the ages. The emperor is called reverently the Son of Heaven. No nation can show an affection and loyalty superior to that which the Japanese people manifest to their ruler. Even through the modern changes looking toward popular government, such a royal line deserves and receives the obedience of its subjects in marvelous measure.

Japan might be a Christian nation to-day if the followers of Jesus had been true to his teachings, and such Christian belief would not have interfered with this beautiful loyalty to the emperor. The Roman Catholic Church had its opportunity in Japan in the sixteenth century. Its missionaries were welcomed and thousands accepted the new faith. If its work had been confined to spiritual teachings there would have been no opposition, but soon, according to the Japanese, the priests began to interfere with political affairs. The anger of the government was aroused and the Christian religion forbidden. Thousands perished for their faith, but in the end Christianity was practically wiped out, and the determination to keep it away was evidenced by the edicts which were promulgated, stating this exclusion in no uncertain terms. One announced that even if the God of the Christians should come to Japan he should be beheaded! Large boards were set up on the highways declaring this law. We are concerned with one of these

which was set up as late as 1868; it is dated, fortunately, so that we see it was in March of that year. It states:

> "The Christian religion is absolutely forbidden.
> This order must be strictly obeyed."

Such, the order of the strongest government on earth! Yet just twelve months later, on March 23, 1869, eight women met in a little room in Tremont Street Church in Boston and determined to take the gospel to the women of the Orient, including Japan!

The edict boards were taken down by the Japanese when they came to understand the purely spiritual aim of the evangelical missionaries. By good fortune the edict board alluded to came into the possession of a friend, and is now placed in the little room in Tremont Street Church which was the birthplace of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. Eight with God is a majority and sufficient to face any obstacle in the way of his kingdom. William Carey's motto was: "Attempt great things for God. Expect great things from God." These women, no one of whom had wealth or political influence or power, were starting a movement which with God's help was to be a mighty contribution for the evangelization of the world. Great things were attempted and great things have been achieved by the strength of God.

No one person is responsible for any great achievement. There are always contributing causes and co-operating personalities, known or unknown. If in this account of the organization of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society here given stress is laid on the part taken by one of these women, it is to be remembered that this book is the story of that one's life, and that whatever we might wish to tell of the good works of the others there is no room here for such recording, although there is all honor for every woman of the group.

The first vital touch with this effort to enlist women actively in work for the fields called foreign which we note in regard to Mrs. Butler's life came that night when she was in terror in the whirling waters of the Indian River, and the thought came to her of the power of prayer being exercised for her by the women in the home church. The second was equally positive when she stood in the gathering dark watching the women on the banks of the sacred river waiting alone for death. The third, and again in far different surroundings, was when she sat on the royal throne of the Great Mogul in the palace in Delhi and discussed with her husband the way to enlist the sympathy and co-operation of the women of the church for the contemplated task, which she happily saw realized in later years.

Her nine years' service in India gave no opportunity to do aught but write to friends and secure certain scholarships for the orphan children. Then came the work in the pastorate at home.

In the fall of 1867 certain Christian women in Boston began to discuss the possibility of organizing a unit of the Woman's Union Missionary Society, shortly before established in New York by Mrs. Doremus. This organization had already begun work in India. At that time William Butler was the pastor of Walnut Street Church in Chelsea, Massachusetts. The parsonage was a narrow house in a brick block of five stories. Mrs. Butler was kept pretty busy going up and down stairs caring for the home and for her five children, as well as helping with the church work. One Monday morning she was in the basement kitchen directing the woman who had come to do the laundry work. She was clad in a yellow cotton dress with brown spots, the memory of which remains because of the circumstances of the day. The door bell rang, and she went up to en-

counter two elegantly dressed ladies, members of the congregation, who had come to discuss with Doctor and Mrs. Butler the organization of such a unit. One of these ladies was Mrs. Alpheus Hardy, the wife of the man who befriended Neesima, the first Japanese lad to come to this country, and who helped him to secure a Christian education. In this connection it will be remembered that Neesima went back to Japan and founded the Doshisha University. (Those who love flowers and rejoice in the glory of the chrysanthemum will be glad to recall that the first beautiful white chrysanthemum known in this country came from Japan as a thank-offering gift from Joseph Hardy Neesima, to the wife of his benefactor, and was named by the florists for Mrs. Alpheus Hardy.)

Mrs. Butler forgot her plain dress and the silks and furs of the visitors as they discussed together the possibilities of enlisting the women in their high endeavor. William Butler readily promised his aid; but the plan for a united effort fell through because certain denominations did not seem ready for the movement. The Congregational women then invited Mrs. Butler to tell them about conditions in India. The following January, 1868, Mrs. Butler met again with the Congregational ladies in Park Street Church in Boston, and offered prayer on the occasion of the organization of the Woman's Board of Missions. Her name appears in the published record of the organization of that Board.

Following this event Mrs. Butler felt that there should be an organization of Methodist women, but when she broached the idea she encountered mainly excuses, generally the women saying that they were too busy. It seemed impossible to evoke enthusiasm for the topic so dear to her heart. No opportunity was given for her to address any large gathering, and yet she could not be satisfied

without having the women of her beloved church enlisted. In April, 1868, Doctor Butler headed the delegation from New England to the General Conference held in Chicago, and at this time Mrs. Butler felt that out in the Middle West, where Methodism was much stronger, it might be possible to get the new movement started. In this she was disappointed.

All through the rest of the year Mrs. Butler hoped and prayed and talked, but found no opportunity successfully to push the project until a providential day arrived. Early in March, 1869, Rev. and Mrs. E. W. Parker, their former missionary associates in India, came to visit them in the parsonage of Saint John's Church in Boston. Mrs. Parker became most eager to enlist the Methodist women in this work, but the question remained, How could it be done? On Sunday morning, March 14, William Butler preached on missions in Saint John's Church and told of the intolerable burdens which Hinduism and Mohamedanism place on the women of the Orient. Mrs. Lewis Flanders, a member of Tremont Street Church (at that time called the Cathedral of Methodism), had come to hear the sermon, and was deeply stirred by its revelations. She went to the parsonage to visit Mrs. Butler and there met Mrs. Parker. The three ladies talked together of the condition of women in the Orient, particularly of the need of India's daughters for release from superstition and ignorance and to have knowledge of the true Incarnation.

Mrs. Butler related what the Congregational women had done and begged Mrs. Flanders to assist in organizing the Methodist women. Mrs. Flanders readily agreed to bring the subject up before the Ladies' Benevolent Society, which was to meet at the Tremont Street Church two days later. When she presented the matter to her friends there some expressed the feeling that they had too much to do already

THE FOUNDERS OF THE WOMAN'S FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY
(Taken fifteen years after the organization, when two of the original eight could not be found.)

with the work of the poor in the North End of Boston. However, an invitation was extended to Mrs. Butler and Mrs. Parker to address a special gathering on March 23. Notices were sent to twenty-six churches in Boston and vicinity, and a good attendance was expected; but on that day came a rain storm so severe that the sexton did not even unlock the doors of the church, thinking that no one would venture out in such weather. Mrs. Butler and Mrs. Parker came early, but could not get in, so they took shelter in a friendly doorway until Mrs. Flanders arrived and hunted up the sexton. Many others had planned to come, but gave up on account of the weather. When they heard what a wonderful thing had been done they forever regretted their lack of courage.

Eight women only gathered in the ladies' parlor of the church at the appointed hour. Besides the three mentioned above there were present Mrs. Thomas A. Rich, Mrs. Thomas Kingsbury, Mrs. William B. Merrill, Mrs. H. J. Stoddard and Mrs. O. T. Taylor.

Mrs. Parker and Mrs. Butler spoke of need of the help of Christian women for Oriental women, until all present seemed to feel a responsibility. Some wanted to postpone on account of the weather, but finally the vote to organize was taken and the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Church became an accomplished fact then and there. Mrs. Butler had brought with her the Constitution of the Woman's Board of Missions, also a copy of *Life and Light*, the magazine which the Woman's Board had established, and a leaflet on zenana work. She stated that the Congregational women were now supporting seven missionaries and nine Bible women, and that the success of their magazine indicated that we too should establish a missionary periodical.

Another meeting was called the following week. The day

was also very stormy, so that only twenty-six came. But the Constitution was adopted and officers elected. The membership fee was fixed at a very moderate sum. Mrs. Butler remembered the power of the mites, the success of the ingathering of the penny a week in her childhood. She advocated a similar modest figure as the annual dues, so that no woman, however humble, could say that she could not afford to join. Accordingly, the membership was fixed at "Two cents a week and a prayer," though immediate provision was made for larger gifts of twenty dollars for life membership, one hundred dollars for life manager and three hundred dollars for an honorary life patron. In the Constitution the provision was placed and still stands that membership shall be one dollar a year. It is to be hoped that the Society will never forget the first call which, modest in regard to money, was powerful when it demanded systematic stewardship of prayer.

It was decided to begin immediately the publication of a magazine to be entitled *The Heathen Woman's Friend.* Conservative members feared the expense and doubted whether a woman would be a success as an editor. The first question was met by the generosity of Mr. Lewis Flanders, who put up a reserve fund of five hundred dollars, but subscriptions came in so rapidly that this reserve was never needed. One of the workers declared, "People want information, but they want information on fire!" Under the talented editorship of Mrs. William F. Warren, the wife of the president of Boston University, the magazine was indeed glowing with missionary information. In 1879 she introduced an elaborate plan for mission study which undoubtedly was a leading thought toward the United Study of Foreign Missions, established interdenominationally after the Ecumenical Missionary Conference held in New York in 1900.

The original title, *The Heathen Woman's Friend*, was changed in 1896 to *The Woman's Missionary Friend*, in recognition of the somewhat uncomplimentary implication of the title "heathen," but under either title the magazine has been a great force in extending information and inspiration regarding the work. It took two hours of Mrs. Butler's most earnest pleading to induce Mrs. Warren, a very busy woman, with the care of a home and four children, and special cares connected with the growing University, to accept this editorship, but the work prospering under her hand became so dear that she carried it on for twenty-five years, until her translation to higher service.

President Warren was one of the strongest friends of the

The Woman's Friend, in Urdu and Hindi

new organization among the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The majority looked with misgiving on the venture, and, in fact, the two secretaries of the Board of Foreign Missions came all the way from New York to investigate the proceedings! The interview as chronicled by the first recording secretary is somewhat amusing in its attitude of approval of the aim of the women, but of utter mistrust of their ability to administer funds. The Rev. Doctor Harris inquired *how* the women proposed to raise their money, stating that he feared their success would interfere with the regular church collections. And Dr. J. P. Durbin made the following proposition to the ladies: "You raise the money, we will administer." He proceeded: "Could you ladies make the necessary arrangements for Miss A. to go to India, obtain bills of exchange, take care of her on the voyage, provide a home when she arrives at her destination, and so forth? No, your work is to forward the money for Miss A. to New York. We will credit it to your Society, keep you informed as to her needs, take care of her in sickness and in health. I think this is to be the purpose of your Constitution."

But the women thought otherwise! Mrs. Twombly rose and said: "We women feel that we have organized an independent society. We will be as dutiful children to the church authorities, but through our own organization we may do a work which no other can accomplish." Finally, Secretary Durbin was convinced, and went off saying that he had no objection to the Society if it did not interfere with the work of the Missionary Board. Bishop Ames objected to the Society, "As it generally took three fourths of the funds to pay the expenses of a ladies' organization."

It was then determined to send a missionary. The name of Miss Isabella Thoburn was proposed, and she was immediately accepted for educational work in India. Mrs.

Butler felt very strongly that a medical missionary should go with her, and proposed the name of Dr. Clara A. Swain, a recent graduate of the Woman's Medical College in Philadelphia, of whom she had heard very favorable reports. But the women were appalled at the idea of undertaking to send two messengers. The expense would be so heavy! It was then that Mrs. Edward Porter rose and made the speech which has become historic! "Sisters, shall we lose Miss Thoburn and Dr. Swain because we have not the means in sight to send them? No, rather let the Methodist women of Boston walk the streets in calico gowns and save the expense of more costly apparel, but let us send the missionaries." The vote was take to send both the candidates.

Providentially at this time William Butler was called from the pastorate in the New England Conference to the secretaryship of the American and Foreign Christian Union, an interdenominational society organized for work in Latin lands. This gave Mrs. Butler opportunity to organize auxiliaries in New York and vicinity, the first being on June 9, in Saint Paul's Church. She was elected as first president of the New York Branch, but after a short time, in view of her extensive knowledge of the field, she was asked to take the corresponding secretaryship, and to travel about organizing. Many auxiliaries throughout the Branch were organized at this time. In one report which she made she recalled the description which she had read to them of the Taj Mahal and compared the list which she had put before them of seventeen new places in which the work had begun with the seventeen places named in her description from which the jewels had been gathered for the adornment of the Taj!

At this time she did some tactful work with the missionary Secretaries, who were still fearful as to what the sisters

would do. Writing to her husband she gives the following illuminating experience:

I went to see Rev. Dr. Durbin, and such a wigging as I got, for holding public meetings and taking up public collections. In vain I assured Secretary Durbin that we were within the letter of the law. He replied that he heard at every turn that the ladies had been holding great meetings at Sing Sing Camp Meeting and collecting large sums of money. "Well, Doctor," I replied, "I do not call a meeting of ladies in a tent from which the gentlemen were carefully excluded a public meeting." I could not convince him and his heart was troubled, under the impression that we would ruin the missionary treasury! I laughed at him, and I am ready to do it again! He was in a great fuss. Nevertheless he over and again said, "I wish you to send Dr. Clara Swain."

The camp meeting at Sing Sing was one of the largest at the time in the Eastern States. Mrs. Butler agreed to speak for the new organization if they would exclude the men from the audience. The meeting was announced for women only, but when it opened five ministers had taken seats in the rear of the tent. William Butler was asked to help by leading the devotional service, which he did, and then departed. The chairman of the day then asked these five ministers to retire, but they did not stir. Mrs. Butler explained that she was not accustomed to public speaking, and asked them in as gracious a manner as possible to leave. They only smiled at each other and remained in their seats. Things were at a standstill, as Mrs. Butler was too timid to speak before men, when a lady in the middle of the audience arose and said: "Mrs. Butler, shall I *make* them go out?" Mrs. Butler signified her assent. Whereupon the lady went out and found the one policeman who was supposed to keep order in the camp. He came

MONUMENT TO A SUTTEE

and promptly ordered the ministers to leave, after which the meeting proceeded with great enthusiasm. Later, Doctor Butler, being somewhat anxious about the first platform effort of his wife, came quietly around to the front of the tent, but the policeman stopped him. The missionary tried to explain that it was his own wife that was speaking, but the officer of the law replied, "That will do to tell, but you *move along!*"

The lady whose concern was aroused by the persistence of the brethren became deeply interested, and was one of the first to arise at the conclusion of Mrs. Butler's plea to make herself a Life Member of the Society, announcing her name as Mrs. Harriet Bond Skidmore. The women interested in the new Society had been longing to secure the co-operation of this strong, fearless leader of Methodist women, but to all their pleas she had replied that she had too many other things to do. Now she said: "Ladies, you know me and that I am very busy in other departments of Christian work. I had refused to join this Society, but after what I have heard to-day I should be ashamed to go to heaven and meet some of these women from India and feel that I had had no part in bringing them there." It was true that she was one of the leaders in the Five Points Mission and an active worker in the McClintock Association. She became a noted leader in the new Society and later corresponding secretary of the New York Branch until her death in 1904.

That same summer organizations were effected at the camp meetings at Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts, and at Ocean Grove, New Jersey. Much enthusiasm was aroused as the women in Ocean Grove questioned what they could do to raise more money for the outgoing expenses of our first medical missionary. Various plans were considered, and it was finally suggested by Mrs. Butler that Frances

E. Willard, that bright young girl from Evanston, Illinois, who had just returned from a trip to Europe with another young friend, might give a talk on her travels, at the conclusion of which a silver offering might be received for the work. Mrs. Butler approached Frances and asked for the favor, but she, as was natural for a young woman, shrank from making a public address. "Oh I couldn't—I never did —I wouldn't know how." But with her charming smile Mrs. Butler said, gently, "Frances dear, you must"; and since nobody ever disobeyed that loving command Frances spoke, and discovered that day she had a voice and could give a message. This effort for the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society was one of the steps in the preparation for the great work to which this wonderful personality was soon to be called. The friendship between these two women was lifelong.

No one rejoiced over the new organization more heartily than William Butler. He had requested, early in the history of the India Mission, in view of the difficulty of reaching the women of India, that some single women should be sent out for this particular work. Two came in response to his appeal, but the experiment was not a success. They seemed to stand too much alone; there was no organization back of them and no special group to plan for their work.

A little home was established by the Butlers in Passaic, New Jersey, and among its first honored guests were these two outgoing missionaries, Miss Thoburn and Dr. Clara A. Swain, the first of a great army of women, who through this organization have been permitted to give their lives in the reasonable service of proclaiming the gospel to every creature. It was a joyful day when word came back from India of the arrival of these two ladies; of the school for girls taking on new life under Miss Thoburn's adminis-

tration, and of the sick women who gladly welcomed the physician who could enter their zenana doors and bring the merciful relief formerly denied them. A singular development of this work of mercy was its appeal to the non-Christian men. They might not understand our aim in educating women, but they did understand when they saw the agony of their wives abated, the lives of their children saved. Doctor Swain soon found it necessary to have a hospital where difficult cases could be treated under proper hygienic conditions. The mission had a fine property abutting on the main road leading into Bareilly. Adjoining this was another estate belonging to the Nawab of Rampore which would be a splendid site for the hospital; but would the Nawab sell to the Christians? After much discussion an interview was arranged with the Nawab, and Doctor Swain, in fear and trembling, made through the interpreter her pleas for help for the suffering women. The fears of the missionary group were groundless, for the Nawab, who had been impressed by what he had heard about Doctor Swain's merciful ministrations, said without further argument that he would not sell the property, but that he would give it to her for the needed hospital![1]

Thus by the courtesy of a Moslem the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society was able to open in a fine building the

[1] India had had hospitals, for instance, in Bombay the Pinjrapome, the hospital for animals, may still be seen. When in 1832 an Act was passed by the government for the destruction of vagrant dogs which were really a menace to the community, several men joined and bought an estate with holdings for the reception of such unwanted animals. Horses and bullocks were admitted and many other animals, monkeys, sheep, cats, ducks, deer, and even turtles. The ants received a daily ration of sugar and butter. The animals are cared for at a cost of one thousand rupees and there are other small places of the kind in Gujarat and the Deccan. Mr. Ghandi made quite a sensation in the fall of 1928 by advocating that a sick calf be put out of its misery. The religious tenets of the masses of Hinduism demand that no one should kill a cow.

first hospital for women in the Orient! And we note also that this Society, after sending this pioneer woman physician to India, a couple of years later sent the first missionary woman physician to China.

The great success which immediately attended Doctor Swain's work caused Mrs. Butler to question what could be done to supply her place when she should be obliged to come home on forlough. No graduate physician could be found who was willing to go. The daughter of one of her friends, Julia Lore, was eager to study medicine and go to India. A medical course was expensive, so Mrs. Butler started out to raise the money. Among the other efforts she endeavored to interest Doctor Foster, the founder and head of the Clifton Springs Sanitarium, where so many missionaries have found rest and healing. The good Doctor was kind but not much interested in the proposition. It happened one day when Mrs. Butler was telling of her experiences in India, she stated that because she was a white woman people seemed to think that with all the things she knew she must have medical knowledge, because she helped them in so many ways that she must be able to help their physical ills. She told how people would come and say to her that they had a pain in their insides, using the word which seemed to cover the whole trunk, which description was certainly not clear enough for a diagnosis. One particular case was that of the preacher in Lucknow who came to her, reporting that his wife was in labor, suffering terribly and the native midwife could do nothing to help. Mrs. Butler hesitated to go to the sufferer lest the midwife in attendance should blame her in case of the woman's death. However, the husband pleaded so strongly for medicine that she went to her cupboard, finding it rather bare. There was a bottle of pain-killer, out of which she poured a few drops, added a little Jamaica ginger, which

would at least be warming, a few drops of laudanum, which might relieve the suffering, and some other simple remedies. Filling up the tall glass with strong hot tea she gave it to the preacher. About an hour later he returned with shining face, saying his wife was very grateful for the dose of medicine, that the baby had come safely, and that his wife was doing well but wanted another dose! Mrs. Butler in fear and trembling rinsed out some of her remaining bottles and made some fresh tea and sent off a second jorum, only to have the man appear in another hour saying that another baby had come and his wife would like a third dose! In spite of his happiness Mrs. Butler declined to send any more, as she said he had enough on his shoulders to raise twins, and she would not want him to consider her responsible for triplets! Dear Doctor Foster was so amused at the tale that he almost rolled off the sofa, while the tears poured down his face. As soon as he recovered his voice he promised Mrs. Butler the money to educate her medical candidate, who in due time went to India to carry on the medical work in Bareilly during Doctor Swain's furlough.

Women physicians were rather rare in those days, and it is not surprising that some funny incidents occurred to Clara Swain before she reached India. Mrs. Butler had written to her sister to meet Miss Thoburn and Doctor Swain when they arrived in Liverpool. This she kindly did, and took them to her own home, one of her sons volunteering to stay at the pier and pass the baggage through the customs. He asked the ladies what they had in their baggage and they answered that they had nothing but "personal effects." Accordingly, this answer was given to the customs officer by the young man. It was decided to open just one of the boxes, so the official indicated a long, rather narrow one. It happened unfortunately to be the particular one which contained the articulated skeleton

which had been presented to Doctor Swain for her use in anatomy classes in teaching the young women who were to be trained as physicians. When the box cover was lifted and the bones were disclosed it was as much an astonishment to the young man as to the officials. Personal effects indeed! Consternation spread along the docks, for it was rumored that an American lady had arrived with a corpse in her baggage! The young man escaped being mobbed for complicity in such infamy, but he never afterward consented to meet any missionaries for this Society!

Again when Doctor Swain arrived in Bareilly she found a class of eight of the orphan girls who had been prepared by Dr. J. H. Humphrey to enter a medical class. The amount of English which they had learned was small, and, naturally, Doctor Swain, who was put to work immediately on arrival—in fact, she started out the very morning after she landed in Bareilly to visit the sick who were waiting her coming with feverish anxiety—had only a little Hindustani. One day the young women came to the Mission House and asked for an interview with one of the missionaries who had been for some time in India. Their question was a very solemn one. First, they inquired whether she believed the Apostles' Creed, which was recited in church every Sunday. When she asserted her belief in it without reservations they asked: "What about the resurrection of the body?" They said: "Look at that thing over there," pointing to the closet in which the articulated skeleton had been placed. "That lady died in America, and her bones are here. How is she going to rise?" The difference between this flesh and blood and the recognizable entity of the spiritual body was not so easy to explain to these earnest medical students.

In 1870 the third missionary, Miss Fanny J. Sparks, was sent to Bareilly, where the one hundred and fifty orphan

girls were transferred from the care of the Board to the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. She went under a definite call from God, but without the sympathy of her father, who threatened Mrs. Butler with the responsibility of her life should anything happen to his daughter. His attitude was a distress to Mrs. Butler, but during Miss Sparks' twenty-one years of service her splendid record was marred by no untoward happening, and she returned to this country to care for a member of her family who had become an invalid. It must not be supposed that China was forgotten. The first remittance was sent by Mrs. Butler to Mrs. Nathan Sites, of Foochow, for Bible work, the possibility of which had been established by the Misses Woolson, who had gone out as missionaries under the Ladies' Missionary Society of Baltimore. Shortly after Dr. Sigourney Trask went out as the first woman medical missionary to that great land.

It was a great comfort to Mrs. Butler to receive the news of appreciation that was shown by some who had been blessed through the ministry of healing of these pioneer physicians. When she learned that in a house in India where there had been dissension and unhappiness they said of Dr. Clara Swain, after months of tender service, "Your Doctor is like your Christ, she heals both the body and the soul," she knew that the work for which the Society was organized—that of making Christ known—was truly being fulfilled.

Not less keen was her joy in the success of the educational work, and she took righteous pride in the first Christian college for women in all Asia, which grew out of the school established by Isabella Thoburn in Lucknow. She was privileged to live long enough to see this Society working in nineteen countries and its honored missionaries counted by the hundreds. This is not a book for statistics, but it

may help us to measure to-day what has been accomplished through this agency in the span of human life accorded by the Psalmist. The little beginning of two missionaries and the first years' income of $4,546.86, 1869 and 1870, has grown to a record at this time of over 1,400 missionaries, with an annual income of $2,500,000 and a total contribution in the sixty years of more than $44,000,000. The one hospital at Bareilly was the forerunner of twenty such houses of mercy, and our ministry reaches about a half million of women and children annually. The value of property acquired for hospitals, schools, colleges, and homes for missionaries is more than $8,250,000. The *Woman's Missionary Friend* has efficiently served the interests of the Society without ever accumulating a deficit, and more than 500,000 members in this country work and pray together with a constituency of over 600,000 in the fields afar. No one of the eight founders in their moments of deepest enthusiasm could have imagined such results. It is indeed exceeding abundantly far more than they could have dared to ask or think. Goodness and mercy have surely followed this organization and its cup of joy overflows as it celebrates the sixtieth anniversary of the blessed work.

We are accustomed to think of its benefit for the women on the mission field. Besides this it has rendered rich service to the church, by giving scope for the activity of its women members within the church instead of allowing much of the energy to be given to outside organizations, which, excellent as they may be—and some of them are of real value to the individual and the nation—cannot quite realize the aim of the church as much as can the organization working within its pale and under its great governing body. The woman of to-day who has talent and time to contribute should find scope for these gifts through her

church, and we rejoice in the fact that the General Conference has provided for such opportunity in its ruling, which declares, "There *shall be* a Woman's Foreign Missionary Society." "There *shall be* a Woman's Home Missionary Society."

And it is a matter of profound gratitude that the work which has been done in the past can deserve and receive such praise as the following from the great leaders of our church.

Tribute to the Work of Methodist Women

(From the Episcopal Address delivered at the General Conference)

"All hail the glorious women of all the churches—among whom none are doing the work of God more faithfully and successfully than the women of Methodism. The two connectional missionary societies conducted by our devoted sisters are marvels of efficiency in management and of fruitfulness in returns. The affairs of these growing organizations have reached a magnitude that challenges attention and commands respect; and still their movement is forward. Patient industry in gathering small sums, tireless watchfulness over their institutions, scrupulous economy in the item of expenses, and sagacious care in financing their enterprises mark the administration of these unsalaried servants of God and the church. They pray their way through all problems, taking God's promises as the currency of his kingdom at face value, and transmuting them unfailingly into the coin of the realm to pay the obligations assumed in his name."

CHAPTER V

MEXICO

"Thou art beautiful,
Queen of the valley! thou art beautiful.
Thy walls, like silver, sparkle to the sun,
Melodious wave thy groves."

—*Southey's Medoc.*

IT is a curious fact that the unleavened bread which was used by the Israelites is found to-day on two opposite sides of the world. In North India the common food of the people is the chapatti, the flat unleavened bread of coarse grain, or possibly wheat. On the opposite side of the world a bread similar in size and appearance and mode of manufacture, the tortilla, made generally of corn flour, is the staple food of the people of Mexico. Likewise curry, fragrant with spices and pungent with pepper, the royal dish of Hindustan, is paralleled by the piquant mole of Mexican feasts.

In 1872 a new proposition came to Mrs. Butler, as suddenly as in her early married life she had been asked if she would go to India. Now in a modest home in Passaic, New Jersey, built to suit her ideas, containing a tiny conservatory in which she could gratify her love of flowers even in winter, she was suddenly faced with the question, would she go to Mexico? New land, new people, new manners. The Board of Foreign Missions had been planning to ask William Butler to go back to India to establish a mission in the Bombay Presidency; but it was felt that the greater need at this time was to enter the republic of Mexico.

As the call for the Methodist Church to enter India had been made by a Presbyterian, Doctor Duff, so now the appeal to help Mexico came from a devoted Congregational woman, Miss Matilda Rankin, who had labored for Mexico from a base in Brownsville, Texas. The American and Foreign Christian Union, which had been doing united work in Mexico, was believed to accomplish less than the denominations could achieve with separate effort. Thus it came that William Butler was invited to go to a new field to do the same pioneer work in selecting locations, placing the missionaries and laying foundations that he had done in India.

The leaders of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society arranged for a farewell meeting for Mrs. Butler in Boston, at which Miss Matilda Rankin was the speaker. Mrs. Albert Bowker, with whom she had had delightful associations in the effort to enlist women in special work for women, in 1867–68, came to represent the Congregational

Gateway in the Maya Ruins at Mitla

Woman's Board, and recited impressively the twentieth Psalm, as her farewell message.

On February 1, 1873, the family sailed for Vera Cruz, and went by Mexico's first railroad, just opened, to the capital of the country, which was to be their home for the next six years. Special reasons made this time the hour of opportunity in Mexico. In no land on this side of the world were there finer aboriginal races. The great ruins of the civilization of the Toltecs, the Aztecs, the Maya-Quiches, and other races whose names have been forgotten, remain marvelous in their splendor. While the Pilgrim Fathers in the North found Indians living in primeval conditions in the forests, in Mexico were great palaces and towering pyramids, council houses, astronomical instruments, a carved stone calendar which is even to-day a marvel to scientists, with many of its elaborate symbols yet undeciphered, and many other monuments.

To this land, rich above perhaps any other in natural resources, blessed by a favorable climate, came the Spaniards, not, as the Pilgrim Fathers, to found a commonwealth, but as conquerors, "Conquistadores," as they delighted to be called. Conquer they did—and ruin followed their conquest. The silver and gold of the mines and the labor of the aborigines went to satisfy the greed of Spain and Rome, while the libraries, which would have enriched our knowledge of life on this continent, were burned by the Spaniards. It is true that they brought priests and converted the people by wholesale to Catholicism. Churches were built, magnificent ecclesiastical structures unequaled by any on this side of the world. Universities and hospitals were founded, but the institution that was forgotten was the little schoolhouse for the Indian child.

Among the priests who came were some who joined in the exploitation of the native races. A few noble men

among them stood as friends of the Indian, like Father Las Casas and Father Miguel Hidalgo. This last named encouraged the Indians in the year 1811 to revolt against the domination of Spain and to attempt to follow the example of the United States on the north, which had broken off the shackles of their thraldom under British rule. It took eleven years for Mexico to achieve its freedom from Spain politically, but she has never up to date freed herself from the ecclesiastical domination of Spain and Rome. In 1857 a great leader arose in Mexico, President Benito Juarez. The little Indian, as he is affectionately called, from Oaxaca, when he came to the presidential chair, began to study the conditions of the nation. He found that the power of the church of Rome was excessive and its riches beyond reason. His survey manifested that the church owned one third of all the real estate of the country, which included some of the most valuable lands and most important parts of the cities, upon which it paid no taxes. Juarez was responsible for the passing of the Laws of Reform, which are the foundation of Mexico's Constitution; and in accordance with which the property of the church was sequestrated. Now all ecclesiastical buildings belong to the nation, but religious organizations are allowed to use all that they can administer to advantage. Monasteries which supported a few monks in luxury were divided into dwellings, hospitals, libraries, etc.

Naturally, this radical action caused alarm in the Catholic world. A plan was therefore drawn up by which Maximilian, the brother of the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria, was induced to come to Mexico as Emperor, backed by Austrian money and French soldiers. Napoleon III lent his support to the movement, urged on by the bigoted Empress Eugénie. Maximilian's wife, Carlota, was a princess

of Belgium, a most energetic woman and possibly a stronger character than her husband.

Warnings were sent from Mexico, from the Republican party, to Maximilian that he was not wanted and that he would be considered a usurper if he came. Instead of heeding this danger signal he and Carlota proceeded to Rome, where they received the blessing of the Pope upon them as emperor and empress of Mexico. The French troops, the Austrian gold, and this blessing carried Maximilian to the capital and for three years he struggled to maintain there an empire.

Those who incline to judge Mexico severely for what they denominate the murder of Maximilian should read what the American Ambassador at the Austrian court, John Lothrop Motley, wrote of the mad adventure in 1863: "It is equally certain that the step is most unpopular in Austria. Maximilian adores bul fights, rather regrets the abolition of the Inquisition, considers the Duke of Alva everything noble and chivalrous and the most abused of men. It would do your heart good to hear his invocation to that deeply injured shade and his denunciations of the ignorant and vulger Protestants who have defamed him. You can imagine the rest!" And to Oliver Wendell Holmes he followed with this message, also from Vienna: "We have nothing green here save the Archduke Maximilian, who firmly believes he is going forth to Mexico to establish an American empire, and that his divine mission is to destroy the dragon of Democracy and re-establish the true church, the right divine, and all sorts of games. Poor young man!"

To a nation which had abolished the Inquisition, and which had passed the Laws of Reform, believing that the road to freedom was open before it, such an intervention was abhorrent. The combined force of the French troops under Marshal Bazaine, the Austrian bodyguard of the

THE EMPRESS CARLOTA

so-called empress, Austrian gold, and Belgium royal prestige were for a time too much for the Republican forces. Maximilian and Carlota made their formal entry into the City of Mexico on June 1, 1864. They were escorted with great pomp to the Cathedral, where they were enthroned. The great building had been decorated, and under the direction of Archbishop Labastida all that was possible was done to show popular jubilation. The so-called emperor had brought a rich equipment for the setting up of a gorgeous court. Napoleon, realizing the necessity for favorable publicity, appointed the Abbé Emanuel Domenech, under the title of Senior Director of the Press, of the cabinet of his Majesty the Emperor Maximilian. The Abbé used his immense influence in molding public opinion in Europe in regard to the Mexico question. Later in his work, *Mexico As It Is*, he seems to acknowledge that the final object of Napoleon in favoring this so-called empire in Mexico was to checkmate the United States. He says: "If monarchy should be successfully introduced into the Spanish republics, in ten years the United States would themselves declare a dictatorship, which is a kind of republican monarchy adopted by degenerate or too revolutionary republics" (p. 226). He adds it would have been good policy to have recognized the Southern Confederacy in order to make the work of intervention more speedy. "The intervention was a grand and glorious undertaking which promised to be for France the crowning glory of the reign of Napoleon III, and for Europe and the world the grandest enterprise of the nineteenth century" (p. 223).

The task before Maximilian was not an easy one: to conquer the resistance of the people of Mexico, and to fulfill the demands of the Pope upon him to repeal the Laws of Reform. He soon discovered that his welcome was not assured. He was compelled to concede religious

liberty, which brought from Rome the following protest under date of October 18, 1864 (see *Mexico in Transition*, p. 179).

In the name of the church whose supreme chief and pastor God has constituted us, in the name of Almighty God who has chosen you to rule over so Catholic a nation with the sole purpose of healing her ills and of restoring the honor of our holy religion, we earnestly conjure you to put your hands to the work, and laying aside every human consideration, guided solely by an enlightened wisdom and your Christian feelings, dry up the tears of so interesting a portion of the Catholic family and by such worthy conduct merit the blessing of Jesus Christ, the Prince of pastors. . . . Your Majesty is well aware that, in order effectively to repair the evils caused by the revolution and to bring back as soon as possible happy days for the church, the Catholic religion must above all things continue to be the glory and the mainstay of the Mexican nation, *to the exclusion of every other dissenting worship.*

Maximilian could not promise to exclude any faith. The nation which, as a whole, had fought for liberty of conscience was unconquerable in the matter of forbidding any form of worship desired by its citizens. The only vow he could make was that he would grant special protection to the Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman Church as the religion of the state, which offer did not satisfy the clericals. He realized also the immense expense for the so-called empire, and warnings came to him from many sources. Becoming disheartened in October, 1866, he started down to Vera Cruz to embark on the war vessel which his brother, the emperor of Austria, had always held for him in the harbor, but at Orizava representatives of the clerical party persuaded him to return to the capital and make one more effort with funds which they would provide.

Daniel Webster made at this time the following challenging statement: "No, gentlemen, our great national difficulty lies not in that direction. Our greatest danger is that we have a sister republic on our southern border, almost in mortal agony, and no one among us seems willing to lend a helping hand."

President Lincoln, who was greatly disturbed by the presence of French troops on American soil, could do nothing while the Civil War continued. Almost immediately upon the victories of the Northern armies he dictated a note through Secretary Seward to the Emperor Napoleon; a note gracious in tone, but stating clearly that the presence of the European troops on the western hemisphere was not agreeable to the American people. Napoleon understood that back of this polite letter was the victorious American army, so he wisely gave order for his troops to retire from Mexico in spite of Maximilian's protest. The so-called empire expired shortly in spite of the effort of the church party to sustain it. Carlota started immediately for Paris, where she pleaded with Napoleon to reconsider his determination. Being refused, she went to the Pope, and when he declined to help her, grief and terror undermined her reason. For nearly sixty years this proud, beautiful woman was immured in a palace in Belgium, talking over her ambitions and looking for the day when her husband would return to her, unconscious of his tragic end.

The Mexican people might have permitted Maximilian to return to Austria but for his ill-fated visit to the Pope. The attorney-general made the statement in the trial that the blessing of the Pope would forever be on the loyal Catholic mind of Mexico, binding the faithful to consider Maximilian its ruler; and that even if he should retire and make no further attempt to impose his empire on Mexico, pretenders in his name might keep the country in turmoil:

that it was one life for many. So Maximilian was shot and the tragic episode was over.

President Benito Juarez made a study also of the reason for the illiteracy of the people. It was put as high as ninety-three per cent. The struggle has gone on ever since to alleviate this condition, in spite of revolutions, which the Mexicans say have sometimes been financed by the church power. Benito Juarez made a powerful statement in considering the ambitions of the hierarchy. He declared: "Upon the development of Protestantism depends the future welfare of the Mexican republic."

Into this state of affairs came William and Mrs. Butler to establish a mission of the Methodist Episcopal Church. There was so much fanaticism even in the capital that it was almost impossible to get a home. After a year in a hired house, during which time Mrs. Butler gathered some little Indian children, orphans, and kept them in her own home, William Butler heard of a certain property which might be available. He knew if he went to see it in the daytime it would be out of the market immediately; so at ten o'clock one night he went alone and knocked at the great door. The little postern gate was opened, and the janitor at first declined to let him in, but a silver dollar in his palm caused the door to open wide enough for the missionary to enter, and by the light of a lantern he looked over the building.

The property had been part of the pleasure palace of the Emperor Moctezuma. When the Spaniards seized the city they made this into a monastery for the Franciscans, the missionary monks, who enjoyed it until the coming of the Laws of Reform. It was one of the huge property units then cut up into city blocks. This particular part, which had been a courtyard, with flowers and a fountain under Moctezuma's reign, was now surrounded by beautiful

cloisters. When the government took possession the garden was roofed over, a floor put in, and a theater company tried to utilize it as an auditorium; but the lingering superstition in the mind of the people regarding property which had once been sacred kept them from patronizing the theater in sufficient numbers, and the company failed. Next a circus company endeavored to use it, but lost out for the same reason.

As William Butler looked at this audience room by the light of a lantern he decided it would do for a Methodist church, but how could he get possession? One of the owners was a very bigoted Catholic. Standing on the corner of the street one day talking with the American Consul, Doctor Butler told him of the dilemma. The consul could do nothing. Just then a man came around the opposite corner walking at a rapid rate. In a moment he would have been out of sight, but the consul had an inspiration. He said, "There's the only man in Mexico who could help you," and whistling, he called the stranger's attention. They were introduced as both having been in India. The newcomer, whose name was Sullivan, said, "Yes, I was in India, I was with Havelock's men."

"Then," said Doctor Butler, "if that is so, I have immortalized you."

Asking them to remain a moment, he returned to his house and brought out a copy of his recently issued book, *The Land of the Veda*, in which he had most graphically sketched the relief of Lucknow by the troops under the valiant Havelock. While the former soldier was reading this, William Butler stood and prayed, and when the account was finished the Irishman looked up and said, "Oh, what would I give to have this book!"

Doctor Butler replied, "It is *yours*," consequently it was

natural for Mr. Sullivan to say, "What can I do to show my appreciation?"

Summoning up all his courage, Doctor Butler said, "Perhaps you can do the one thing that I need that nobody else can do. Would you be willing to sell property to me as a Protestant missionary? I cannot get anything in the city because they are not willing to sell to a heretic."

Mr. Sullivan said, "Certainly I would; I am a Catholic, but not that sort," pointing over his shoulder. "Will you trust me?"

So Doctor Butler placed sixteen thousand dollars, the price of the property, into the hands of this man whom he had seen only a few minutes before. Mr. Sullivan purchased the property, held it long enough to comply with the law, and passed it over to the Mission. And at last Methodism had a home in Mexico.

The fanatical people were very angry. One newspaper published the following: "Every time worse! Think of the descent! The holy halls of the Franciscan monks first made into a theater, and then into a circus, and last of all into a Protestant church!"

It took months of cleaning and rebuilding and finishing to turn the old monastery court into a Mission house, but at last there was an audience room suitable for worship, which is to this day the largest room available for evangelical services in Mexico. In the surrounding cloisters rooms were provided for an orphan school for girls and on the other side for the boys, homes for two missionaries and for two Mexican pastors, and here the real work of the Mission began.

Not far away, in a little room on the second story of an apartment house, Father Augustin Palacios, formerly a chaplain to Maximilian, a priest of excellent education and fine character, had been holding for some years a little

independent evangelical service. After studying the Methodist Mission for a year or two he joined the Conference, bringing with him his little congregation of earnest people. Other conscientious men and women who were dissatisfied with the teaching they had received in the historic church came to join in a worship which they could understand and in which they could participate. Prayers offered in their own tongue, petitions touching their every-day life, seemed particularly to meet the needs of their hearts.

There were many things in Mexico which reminded Mrs. Butler of India, not the physical characteristics only, but many customs of the people, such as their veneration for a shrine, their worship of particular images, and their use of beads in counting their prayers. Of particular interest to her, after having known the great *melas* in Hindustan, and having seen the tope at Sarnath and the pilgrimages to Brindaban, the birthplace of Krishna, was the devotion manifested by the Mexican people toward the shrine of the Virgin of Guadalupe. And this view was not that of a missionary only. The scientist Humboldt speaks of the condition in Mexico in these words:

> The introduction of the Romish religion had no other effect upon the Mexicans than to substitute new ceremonies and symbols for the rites of a sanguinary worship. Dogma has not succeeded dogma, but only ceremony to ceremony. I have seen them, masked and adorned with tinkling bells, perform savage dances around the altar while a monk of Saint Francis elevated the Host.

The wealth of the church in Mexico is not visible to the eyes of the casual visitor, but some indications of the magnificence of its possessions were given by Madame Calderon de la Barca, the wife of the first ambassador sent by Spain after the independence of Mexico was achieved. Her

charming letters written to her daughters were published under the title, *Life in Mexico* (London, 1843). She says:

We were shown the jewels . . . the gold stand in which they carry the Host is entirely encrusted with large diamonds, pearls, emeralds, amethysts, turquoises, and rubies. The chalices were equally rich. There are four sets of jewels for the bishop. One of his crosses is of emeralds and diamonds, with great rings of the same belonging to each (p. 274), . . . a figure of the Virgin Mary, near the size of life, dressed in the richest embroidered satin. She displays strings of the largest pearls hanging from her neck below her knees. Around her brow is clasped a crown of gold inlaid with emeralds of marvelous size. Her waist is bound with a zone of diamonds, from the center of which blaze numbers of enormous brilliants.

This in Puebla Cathedral. Of the Virgin of Remedios, the special image adored by the people of Spanish birth or their descendants, she writes:

[She] enjoys the exclusive right, amid her other treasures, to three petticoats, one of them embroidered with pearls, another with emeralds, and a third with diamonds, the value of which is credibly stated at not less than three million of dollars.

And yet every newcomer into Mexico was impressed with the poverty of the people and the lamentable ignorance of the Indian population. The Virgin of Guadalupe was the peculiar object of adoration of the indigenous races. The legend of her appearance to an Indian at a most fortunate time is familiar,[1] but it made Mrs. Butler's heart ache to see the crowd surging into the Cathedral at the foot of the hill, and pressing round the well for some of the holy water to carry home, with so little effort being made to

[1] *Mexico in Transition*, p. 46.

teach them the vital truth of religion; women going on their knees, making the painful pilgrimage to the shrine of what they called the Indian Virgin. These scenes reminded Mrs. Butler of former scenes she had seen in India, with none to tell them of the One who was bruised for our iniquities and that the chastisement of our peace was upon him. She learned that these earnest people during Easter week were attempting to atone for their own sins by instruments of torture, such as iron whips for flagellation of the bare back; wire belts with iron prongs turned inward, the tor-

Pilgrim Climbing the Stony Road to the Shrine at Sacro Monte on His Knees. Sympathetic Friends Supporting His Failing Strength

ture of which must have been excruciating. On the shrine of the Virgin Guadalupe she read the inscription, "*Non fecit taliter omni nationi*," the quotation from the Vulgate of Psalm 147. 20, which we translate, "He hath not so dealt with any nation," but which was applied to the Virgin of Guadalupe. She learned also of the inscription on another church in Latin America under the statue of the Virgin, "Come unto *her* all ye who labor and are heavy laden and she will give you rest!"

It was not the aim of the Methodist missionaries to go into controversy. The desire was to open schools, teach the people to read and then give them the Bible and let them learn for themselves the rewards of the spiritual life. Mexico itself can attend—and, in fact, had already done so—to the misuse of its resources and this misinterpretation of the message which every human heart needs to receive. Certainly, there are millions of sincere Christians in Mexico who were worshiping God and honoring their Saviour in spite of the lack of the blessed understanding which is their righteous inheritance, and it was the joy of Mrs. Butler and her fellow workers to preach a risen Christ and a living Saviour and a consciousness of the presence of the Holy Spirit of God. Some beautiful friendships were made with Mexican families and many came to know the freedom and comfort of the evangelical faith. To Mrs. Butler it was a joy to tell them of the answer to the age-long question of these Indian people, as manifested in the prayer recorded on an old Maya Quiche parchment, "O Father, Creator, illumine us, for we know not what we have come so far to do!"

On the seal of Mexico she found again the religious aspiration of the Mexican heart. The eagle perched on the nopal growing on a rock in the middle of a lake is the sign which some of the Indian peoples followed as that which would

indicate to them the place where God intended them to remain and be a nation. Such a recognition of divine guidance on the national flag and on public documents and upon its coins is a promise indeed of Mexican loyalty to the God whom they now may somewhat ignorantly worship, but who must be made known to them in the full revelation of the blessed Christ.

Besides the orphanage into which thirty-seven little girls were soon brought, Mrs. Butler established a mothers' meeting, a sort of mutual benefit association to help those who were sick and needy. Every Tuesday night the vestry was filled with women of the humbler classes to whom this was a revelation in sisterhood. Besides the services in Spanish, a regular church was established for English-speaking people, and Pastor Goethe, a German friend who had come from California for his health, opened services in that language. From 9 A.M. until 10 P.M. on Sunday the sound of praise hardly ceased inside these old walls so filled with historic memories.

In 1874 came the first recruits of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, Miss Warner and Miss Hastings, one from New York Branch and one from Northwestern Branch. The Superintendent assigned Miss Hastings to Pachuca and Miss Warner to Puebla, where they established two of the finest schools for girls in our entire Mission. The boys' orphanage school was taken to Puebla, but there the question of property arose again. Nothing was available for Protestants to buy. Fortunately Doctor Butler discovered a German Jew who had part of the old Inquisition for sale! He had bought the property when it was broken up by the government, and held some cloisters and the old Examining Chapel. Think of the audacity of Methodists in buying the Examining Chapel of the Inquisition! When it was to be dedicated the government promised protection, as many warnings had

come. During the dedication soldiers were stationed in the street outside. One fanatical Catholic brother could not stand the desecration, and in the midst of the service a great stone came crashing through the front window, but fortunately was thrown with such force that it went over the heads of the little congregation and no one was hurt. The American consul, who had been a soldier in the Civil War, had his fighting blood stirred. Putting his hand in his pocket he pulled out a handful of silver dollars and threw them down on a table, and said: "Here is a fund for repairing broken windows. Go ahead!" Later Mrs. Butler gave him a good cup of tea for that, and the work *did* go ahead.

In this property were some cells out of which the government had taken human bodies, the attitude of which showed that they had been incarcerated alive. Three of those from the Inquisition in Mexico City, Santo Domingo, were so recent that they were put up in great cases in the National Museum under the title of "Mummies from Santo Domingo." The Mexican government has not forgotten these things, and the indignation that had accumulated during these years against the hierarchy of Rome has resulted in the new laws of to-day.

From the beginning the Mission was an evangelical Mission, even the term "Protestant" not being used any more than necessary. The aim was to educate the people and to put the open Bible into their hands, telling them to find in it God's message to their hearts. Instead of the images of the dead Christ which are seen in every church—and the churches are everywhere on the hilltops and in the valleys of Mexico—the Mission endeavored to erect a simple church, but with it a schoolhouse, and the pastor felt that it was as much his duty to teach the children on week days as it was to preach on Sundays. The great

POPOCATEPETL FROM THE PUEBLA SIDE

burden of their teaching was to preach Christ, not only his having died for our sins but as living forevermore. It may be said that Protestantism went to Mexico with the Easter message, "He is risen indeed."

And these Mexican people accepted joyfully this inspiring message. They are a music-loving people, and one of the first works of our church was to publish a little hymn book. As to the effect of this joyful Christianity the story of one woman must suffice. Tomasita was a woman who came into the Protestant service, attracted by the singing, not knowing that she was among heretics, and who felt her heart strangely warmed as she for the first time heard public prayer offered in a language which she could comprehend. After some months she came to a joyful experience of which she was ever ready to speak. Her testimony was that though she had gone to church every day of her life, save when prevented by illness, she had never known God as a loving Father until she came into this blessed communion. Her tongue having been liberated so that she also could pray with understanding, she often impressed the missionaries with her simple faith and her unconsciousness of any hearer except the Almighty. One night in prayer meeting she asked God's forgiveness if she did not pray aright, because, she said, "Thou knowest I have never seen the inside of a spelling-book."

As in India, Mrs. Butler's heart was especially directed toward the welfare of the little children, and within a short time forty-seven needy orphans were under her roof, who were passed over later to the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. Next after educational work came the thought of a printing press. In 1876 she consented to have her husband go to the United States for six months in order that he might collect funds for a press, from which literature could be issued. A monthly periodical, *El Abogado Cris-*

tiano, was established, joining the family of Christian Advocates enjoyed by Methodists in the United States.

At this time Mrs. Butler had her first taste of a Mexican revolution. During her husband's absence she was in charge of affairs at the Mission house, which, being on one of the central streets of the capital, was well known, when word was brought to her that the president of the republic, Señor Lerdo, had fled during the night before the advancing army of General Porfirio Diaz, that the few unpaid soldiers had departed to join the incoming army, that the police had abandoned their posts, and that the great city was without protection. It seemed a favorable moment for any fanatics who might wish to take advantage of the lack of authority. There were no firearms in the house. She ordered the great street doorway to be barred and fortified with some bricks and ordered some hot water to be prepared, which she proposed, in case of an attack by the mob, to throw down from the upper windows, in an endeavor to cool off the multitude! But no such protection was needed, for the city was perfectly quiet during the day, and early the next morning General Diaz arrived and assumed the presidency. Let it be known of this president, whose fame shines brightly still, in spite of the mistakes of his last few turbulent years, that he stood for the laws of the country which uphold religious liberty. When he was appealed to because of a threatened uprising against a Protestant church in a distant state, he telegraphed the governor of that state that he would hold him responsible for seeing that the laws of the country were upheld. President Diaz also promised Doctor Butler, "Come at any hour of the day or night if you learn of threatened disorder; send in your card and I will be with you in five minutes." And through the intervening years this has been the attitude of the leading men of Mexico.

The missionaries have never taken part in political affairs, but refer all inquiries to the Bible as the only safe foundation for a true commonwealth.

It is true that the going of the Methodists to Mexico was misunderstood by some fanatical people. There was the night when Mrs. Butler waited while her husband and son went to open a new chapel down near the market. Word came that the butchers were planning to bring their knives, and that no Protestant service should be opened. It was agony to wait at home through the long hours until they returned with the report that the chapel had been dedicated with no worse disorder than the throwing of a large stone, which passed over the heads of the people, tearing a page out of the Sacred Book, but fortunately falling to the floor without hurting anyone. Periodicals attacked the evangelical services, one, for instance, stating that in the city of Puebla "two churches without God" had been opened, and calling attention to the desecration of having buildings formerly used by the Catholic Church now occupied by the spurious Evangelical Church. The Bishop of Guanajuato came out with a circular letter which virtually incited his followers to take active measures to prevent the entrance of Protestantism into that city. All the more creditable is it to the Mexican people that they have held so steadily to the provisions of their Constitution providing for religious liberty.

Mrs. Butler's home in the Mission building was not exactly in the Halls of Montezuma, of which she had read in her romantic girlhood, but an apartment built on at one side of the cloisters. There was no room for a garden, so she was obliged to use the iron balconies outside the windows in order to gratify her love for flowers. The calla lilies, which are so plentiful in Mexico, blossomed in glory for her there, and her ivies ran down like curtains from one

story to another. For recreation a picnic to the so-called floating gardens was a delight, or a ride out to Chapultepec Forest, where the ancient cypresses with their fringes of hanging moss almost rival the giant sequoias of California.

As in India, her eyes were rested by the glory of the mountains. From the front windows of the Mission house the snow-covered peaks of the two volcanoes, Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihuatl, were visible as inspiration and challenge. Mrs. Butler loved Mexico, and when after six years of service her husband's health demanded a change of climate, she left the country with regret and with a firm conviction of its promising future.

CHAPTER VI

HOME GOING

WHEN Doctor and Mrs. Butler finally sailed away from Mexico early in 1879 their route took them through the West Indies and then across to Plymouth, England, a month's journey, which had much to do with the restoration of the health of the Superintendent, who had the joy of leaving a well-established work in Mexico in charge of his son, John W. Butler, and his faithful associates.

Four weeks of close companionship on a steamer affords a marvelous opportunity for studying human nature. There were people of all sorts on board, but perhaps the most interesting family was that of a Jewish rabbi, returning from a period of work in South America. The rabbi and the Methodist preacher held frequent friendly intercourse, and one day Doctor Butler borrowed the ritual which the rabbi seemed to study continually. In it the Methodist found many things well suited to evangelical worship, but noted particularly the omission of the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, an omission which the rabbi could not explain. For Mrs. Butler there was particular interest in the responsive litany, in which the Orthodox Jew was instructed to say:

"Blessed be God, King of the Universe, that I was not born a slave.
Blessed be God, King of the Universe, that I was not born a heathen.
Blessed be God, King of the Universe, that I was not born a woman."

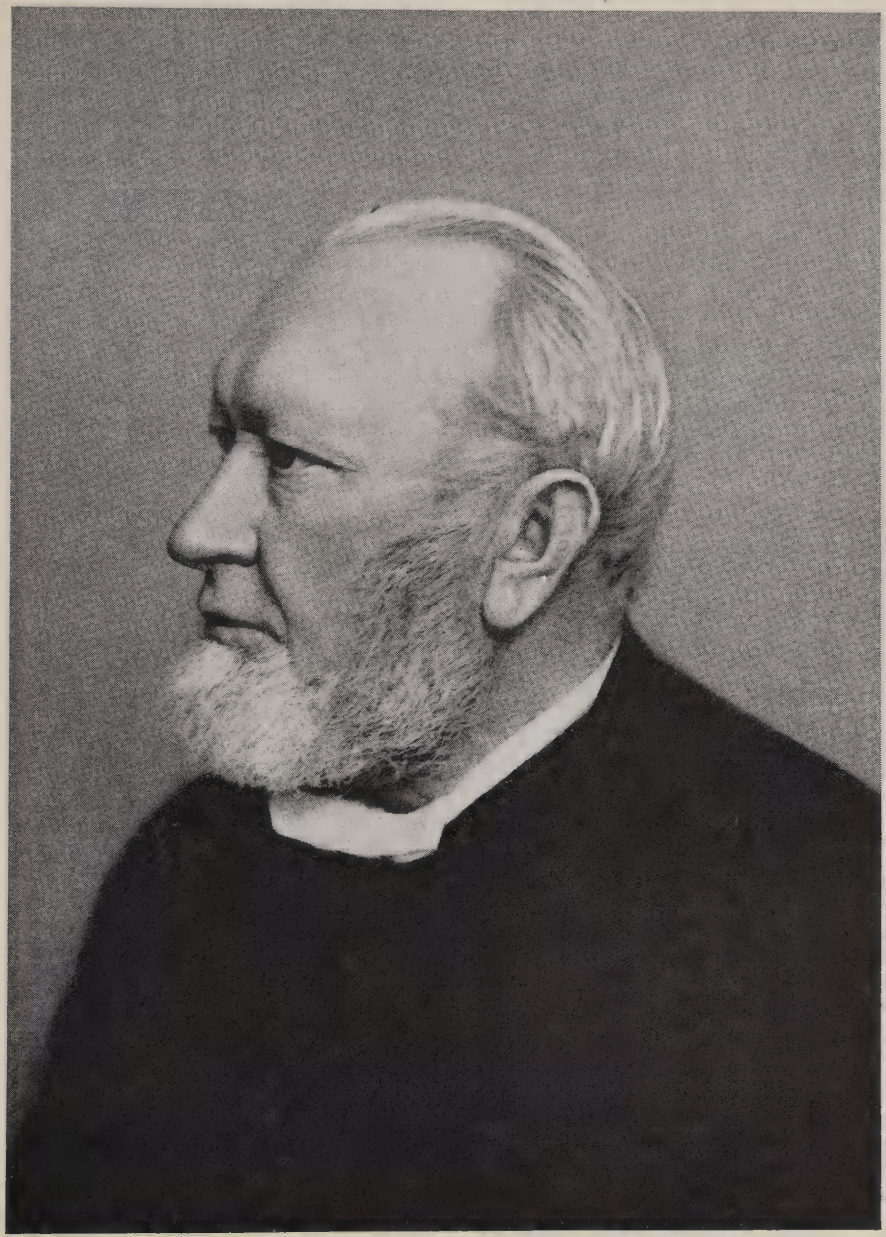
and during this response the women were instructed to say:

"Blessed be God, King of the Universe, who hath made me according to thy will."

To Clementina Butler this phrase was particularly repugnant if considered to be the lowering of the honored position of wife and mother, but she forgot her indignation in the thought that it was a blessed thing to be made according to the will of God, and that to fulfill his will was an ideal high enough to make one indifferent to any slight which the litany put upon woman. To her had come, not only the joy of physical motherhood, but that of world motherhood, of clasping her arms in sympathy and love around childhood in many lands, and thus in a glorious way attempting to fulfill this perfect and acceptable will of God. Therefore the phrase was not a reproach, but a term of honor, "According to thy will."

Landing in England in the springtime, and seeing again the primroses and snowdrops in the hedges of Devonshire, and breathing the fragrance of the hawthorne was a particular delight to one who had spent so many years away from her native land. The dampness of England's climate, however, was not favorable for her beloved invalid, so the family went on to Naples and then to Rome, seeking softer air, for a constitution wearied by years of work in an altitude of over seven thousand feet. In Rome the family followed the footsteps of Saint Paul, out on the Appian Way, down into the dungeon of the Mamertine prison, out to the steps of the Forum, and finally to the church outside the walls, which was the place of execution of the great apostle.

The visit was not so long after the triumphant unification of Italy, and Mrs. Butler was anxious to see the gap in the city wall of Rome through which Garibaldi and his fol-



William Butler, Founder of the Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church in India and Mexico

lowers entered to make a free Italy. After her experience in Mexico there was great interest in visiting the churches and shrines of the Catholic capital, to see the Holy Stairs upon which Luther had his revelation that the just shall live by faith. The following summer was passed at Geneva, from which center they visited at Vevey the grave of Voltaire, the celebrated atheist, who had boasted that it took twelve men to establish Christianity, but that he was going to show the world that one man could overthrow it. Voltaire's name to-day is rarely mentioned, but the name of Jesus Christ is on the lips of thousands and thousands more each year.

In Paris there was a visit to the headquarters of the McAll Mission, where true fellowship and worship were enjoyed with the working men who had found through this Mission the consciousness of God, like that which some of the Mexican people were now enjoying in that faraway Republic through the new evangelical teaching.

In the spring of 1881 William Butler returned to the New England Conference and was appointed to Melrose, Massachusetts. It was from this town that Ann Hazeltine Judson had gone to her heroic labors in Burmah. Mrs. Butler found that during the six years of her absence the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society had increased in favor with God and man. She was confident of the first item, but not quite so sure of the second. As a vice-president of the New England Branch she was in constant attendance at the Board meetings and active in itinerating throughout the New England States. A couple of years after their return Doctor Butler was lecturing during the summer at several western camp meetings. After hearing his glowing account of India, his experience and his confidence for its future, Chaplain McCabe, who was on the platform, said to him, "How would you like to go back to India?" Like a flash

came the unpremeditated reply, "I would rather go to India than to heaven." Explaining this outburst later, Doctor Butler stated that he was very sure of going to heaven, but he did not know if he would ever have a chance to see again his old mission field. The idea took the fancy of the good-hearted Secretary McCabe; additional lectures were arranged for, the proceeds of which, with gifts from friends, made it possible for Doctor and Mrs. Butler and their daughter to sail for India in 1883.

It was a marvelous landing in their old field. This time they were not strangers in a strange land as in 1856, but were received by friends, missionaries, fellow workers under their superintendency so many years ago! Instead of crossing the Ganges on a bridge of rickety boats, they flashed over it on a railroad bridge, and so reached the Lucknow station. Here, in the city where on their first arrival twenty-seven years before they had found every shopkeeper armed and had been told that it was dangerous to walk through the streets, and had been advised by the commissioner to take the first steamer home to America, was now a goodly number of Indian Christians. It was arranged for the guests to be entertained at Lal Bagh, the home of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. When the carriage arrived Doctor and Mrs. Butler were asked to step out at the gate. It seemed a bit strange, but as they passed under the trees of the garden and came in sight of the house they saw an arch had been erected with the words in light—"WELCOME." The avenue was lined with about three hundred Indian Christians, who began to sing "The morning light is breaking," and on the steps of the home stood Miss Thoburn with her staff of helpers. It was impossible for Doctor and Mrs. Butler to fitly describe this marvelous welcome. They had come home!

It was wonderful to see in the Dessarah camp meeting,

THE FIRST HOSPITAL OPENED FOR WOMEN IN THE ORIENT—THE GIFT OF A MOHAMMEDAN NAWAB TO DR. SWAIN

arranged in the center of this city, which had been a place of such violence and such hatred of Christ, about four hundred Indian Christians sitting under a tent, while around about a great crowd of Hindus and Mohammedans looked on in quiet attention.

When the consecration service of this camp meeting began, the presiding officer, after exhorting the congregation to seek a richer baptism of the Holy Spirit, called upon the one whom he felt best fitted to lead, namely, Sister Caroline. This in India—where Mrs. Butler had pleaded with the women to allow their girls to receive education and had her good intentions scorned! Here was a Christian woman worthy to be the leader in the great consecration service! One cannot imagine Mrs. Butler ever needing any other recompense for all the suffering and sacrifice which she had endured.

Bareilly was the place to which the hearts of the returned missionaries looked with peculiar tenderness. After a week in Lucknow, they went on to the place where their first home was located. The city, to reach which formerly took three nights' travel by palanquin, was now only six hours away by train. They were due to arrive at three o'clock in the morning. There was little sleep for those who had so much to remember, and they were more than ready when the whistle announced that they were approaching Bareilly. Their own words must tell the tale.

Immediately the train ran rapidly into the siding, and the end of the platform was reached—when, lo! something that seemed like a white wall, about five feet high, stood on the outer edge, and before I could recover my sleepy surprise that they should put a wall there to keep people from landing, "the wall" began to show streaks up and down, and as the rapid movement became more controlled, the streaks defined themselves into a row of girls,

in their usual white raiment, extending from one end of the platform to the other. It was a row of our dear orphan girls—all of the two hundred and eighty that were old enough and could walk so far and keep awake so long—who had requested Miss Fannie Sparkes to allow them to come up to meet and welcome once more to Bareilly "The Father and Mother of the Mission!" Behind the girls stood the theological students, the missionary families, and a number of the members of the church. In front of all stood Miss Sparkes. The moment they saw our faces, and realized that we were in the train, there rose, to the tune of "Old Hundred," the doxology in their own language.

Not until we are hailed by the waiting ones on the golden strand shall we again behold anything as blessed as was that group of welcome, so radiant in the lovely moonlight, with their doxology of joy rising upon the night air to heaven.

How small, how formal and fleeting seemed any of the honors that this world confers compared with this simple, hearty welcome to Bareilly! Our fellow passengers woke up, and asked in amazement, "What does all this mean? A congregation at a station in the middle of the night singing the Christian doxology!" And they gazed out upon the hallowed scene with increasing surprise.

No wonder that Mrs. Butler, after enthusiastically embracing every one of that long line of precious girls, could not restrain her tears and gratitude. It was such a contrast to the days gone by when she and others had made those earnest efforts to reach and teach even a few girls in that city.

The following day Miss Sparkes arranged for a reception in the Girls' Orphanage, the first institution of our church in India for the shelter of the daughters of the land. The chief feature of the reception was an address by a teacher who was one of the original one hundred and fifty orphans taken up at the close of the Mutiny, her support having come in response to the appeal written in 1857 on the

throne at Delhi. She expressed in beautiful Hindustani the address of welcome on behalf of the number of orphaned girls and also the others who had been sheltered by the Mission, and spoke in appreciation of the willingness of Mrs. Butler without any official obligation to cross the world to see them once again.

Soon a little child about nine years old came with gifts, saying that she was the daughter of that first little girl who had been brought in to Mrs. Butler in 1858. She had been a little sickly, blind of one eye, pock-marked, dirty child, but she was a little girl, and as such had been received and loved in the name of Christ! How well Mrs. Butler remembered that child of the early days and her development under Christian nurture and care! Here was her daughter standing before Mrs. Butler speaking for her mother, who had passed away three years before and the spokesman for the gratitude of the rest of the girls.

Doctor Butler writes:

Turning round, the little one then beckoned with her finger to another girl, who advanced to her side, the tray was uncovered: here were the loving gifts of the dear girls, wrought with their skillful fingers—a pair of satin sofa pillows, all worked over with flowers. Lifting one of the cushions on her left hand, she pointed the other hand at me, and said, "Now, Sahib, when you return home and feel weary, you are to lay your head on this and think of us girls," and in her simplicity she bent down her little head to the pillow, as if to show how it was to be done. Then she lifted the other pillow and pointed to Mrs. Butler, and repeated her directions. Worked slippers were then presented and particularized. Last of all were lifted a pair of satin caps, worked in the same style as the pillows, and after speaking of mine, she took up the other, and said, "And, Sahib, when we had finished that for you, we remembered your love for good Brother Joel, your first helper, who has been so faithful, and we thought it would

gratify you if we made another for him, and have you put it on his head. He is blind now, Sahib, and won't be able to see you, but it will be nice for you to put it upon his head when you meet him soon at Chandausi!"

All this was done with a natural grace and simplicity so charming that it won every heart as well as ours, and the little one was congratulated on all sides for the skill with which she had conducted the presentations on behalf of her mates. How amply repaid was the toilsome journey by the events and emotions of this glad reception!

On Sunday in the church the hearts of the missionaries rejoiced to see sixty-seven coming into full membership, about twenty-five of these being from the older girls of the orphanage. It was found that of the original one hundred and fifty children taken up at the close of the famine in 1857, one hundred and twenty-four could still be traced, and of these eighty-seven were found to be in direct Christian work.

In the city where the gallows was erected for Doctor Butler during the Mutiny, William Butler was permitted to baptize at this time thirty-four converts. It was a satisfaction to him that enough of Hindustani remained in his mind for him to administer the rite in their own language. Mrs. Butler made a sacred pilgrimage to the spot where the former hedge of roses sheltered the dust of her beloved first convert in India, Maria Bolst.

Perhaps after Bareilly the most precious place in India was Naini Tal, that beautiful spot! How wonderful it seemed to them after twenty-seven years to find there Sir Henry Ramsey, the commissioner who had marshaled the little army which had held out for those terrible months against the three thousand Sepoys. Words failed to describe the meeting between these two old friends. There had to be a gift, of course, to celebrate the reunion, so Sir Henry sent

out his hunters into the jungles and brought two magnificent tiger skins and two fine leopard skins for Dr. and Mrs. Butler to take back to their American home from the place where they had faced perils by man and beast in the tragic days of 1857.

A notable incident of this visit was a trip to Almora to see the work of the leper asylum, where one hundred and twenty of these unfortunates were gathered. More than sixty were regular attendants at Christian worship, and twenty-five of them communicants. The people in charge were a man and wife, formerly our orphan children, the wife having been trained in medicine by Dr. Clara A. Swain. Addressing the lepers, some of whom remembered Doctor Butler from his visit years before, he told them of Laura Bridgeman, of South Boston, who, without sight, hearing, or speech, had become a happy Christian. Those among the lepers who could see looked up with such interest, and the poor, marred faces shone as they nodded to one another, assenting to the idea that they had something left for which to be grateful.

Imagine the contrast from being in a section among six millions of people where, as far as could be ascertained, there was not a single Christian, and going a quarter of a century later to a camp meeting where hundreds of Christians spend the week in a Christian "mela," where in the closing session eight hundred happy folk formed a procession with a joyous shout of "Isa Masih ki jai-jai-jai!"—"Victory, victory, victory to Jesus Christ!" At one of the camp meetings, as Mrs. Butler sat in the woman's meeting, her heart was stirred to the depths by the sights, two of which stood out particularly in her memory. One was a poor old woman, who as she stood up to give her testimony looked out through the trees where she could glimpse the waters of the sacred river. She said with a profound ear-

nestness, "My sins are all drowned in the river of life"—not washed away, not hidden, but drowned; gone, and not in the river of death, but in the river of life.

Another one stood up to speak. Beside her was her daughter, a lovely girl wearing the simple white chaddar which had been given her for her wedding. In simple earnestness she said, "It pays a mother to be a Christian." Mrs. Butler felt it was worth while to make the trip to India to hear that.

There were other lovely scenes on this marvelous trip, as when Mrs. Butler saw her husband greet old Joel, his first helper, the gift of the Presbyterians in the early days, now aged and feeble and blind. The missionaries arrived during a service, when perhaps the proprieties would require them to wait until the service was over; but when William Butler saw his old helper he could not restrain himself, and going across he grasped him in his arms and kissed him while every one in the audience cried in sympathy. Surely the bonds which bind our hearts in Christian love are deeper than any earthly relationship.

Out of their poverty and their salaries, which are so pitifully small, the Indian pastors prepared a reception for the Butlers. They invited them to a feast in one of the Indian homes, no other Americans being present, only the Butlers and their spiritual Indian children. After the breaking of bread together there was presented to William Butler a Bible in which every one of the pastors had written his name, and to Mrs. Butler a silver cup chased with the skill which only the Lucknow craftsman can show. These were treasures indeed to bring back to the home church with a report of the marvelous things which God has wrought in India.

On the homeward journey the contrasts were still vivid. They went through the Suez Canal, and from that across to

Cairo in a railway train, through the very land of Goshen over which they had been obliged to pass by camel train before. A brief stay in Egypt allowed Mrs. Butler, who in her girlhood had been fascinated by the accounts of the Nile and the Pyramids and the Sphinx, to see all these wonders, and, above all, to see the recently uncovered mummy of Rameses the Great, the Pharaoh who had defied the God of Israel, the man who oppressed the people of Israel. It was thrilling to look into the countenance of the man who talked with Moses! The Old Testament became a new document when Clementina Butler could put out her hand and touch the very evidences of its truth after the centuries. Another vivid touch followed in a visit to Jerusalem, the Holy City, to which she brought that which makes a visit there advisable. No one who has not lived in the heavenlies should go to the Holy City, for the eyes which note the narrowness of the streets and the filth of the roads and the ignorance and superstition of its people cannot rise to the heights which a vision requires. It was outside the walls of the city of the Mount of Olives, in the Garden of Gethsemane, on the plains before Bethlehem and in the home in Bethany that the realization came to her that the One who humbled himself and took upon himself the form of a servant walked here and talked here and served here, and said, "My Kingdom is not of this world." It was at Calvary that a renewed vision came of the meaning of all this, of the wonderful purchase price offered here of the sacrifice made by redeeming love which she had found powerful in so many different places on earth to break down human pride, to comfort human sorrow, and to redeem human souls.

Again, in reverent mood she traveled with her husband over the stony road down to Jericho to look upon the hills of Moab, across the River Jordan and beyond the Red

Sea—the promised land of Israel behind her, but the promised land to which she must direct other souls still in the future. Not far from where she stood was the place where the man fell among thieves and where the good Samaritan came to lift up in tenderness and give out of his abundance to his brother in need. A foreign missionary truly!

In Jerusalem the Butlers were fortunate enough to find a rare curio, brought from the Lebanon. It was a horn of silver, beautifully adorned with jewels. Such articles in the interior of Palestine have almost disappeared before the domination of the Turk, but one little tribe in the Lebanon has been able to retain the beautiful custom of wearing the Horn of Victory, or rejoicing, on the occasion of a marriage of a daughter, also in honor of the birth of her first-born son, as well as on occasions of great tribal rejoicings over a victory. When bereavement or grief comes, the woman wears it hanging down. Its value is in the fact that it illumines the phrase in Holy Writ, as when David says, "Mine horn hast thou exalted," and Zacharias exults over the birth of Christ, "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel; he . . . hast raised up an horn of salvation for us." They also secured a fine copy of the book of Esther in the form of a roll such as was used by the Lord when he stood up to teach in the synagogue. These precious articles are now in the Missionary Museum.

Even when in the homeland there was always the touch with the work in India for Mrs. Butler, not only through the auxiliaries, but through outside happenings. Such an experience was a visit to Laura Bridgeman, the deaf, dumb, and blind girl, who was the first to respond to the remarkable efforts made in the Perkins Institute, the famous school of the blind in South Boston, to liberate the mind and soul of such unfortunates, since having done similar remarkable work for Helen Keller. As she was informed by hand

reading of what Doctor and Mrs. Butler had been doing she expressed a desire to see an idol from India, and on feeling it over with her delicate touch, she seemed distressed and uttered a cry like that of a wounded animal, for her sympathy was deeply stirred to learn that any human being could have such an idea of the loving heavenly Father; so the lepers in India and this afflicted one in America found solace in sympathizing each with the sorrows of others.

In 1866 Boston received a remarkable visitor from India, a high-caste Hindu widow, Pandita Ramabai, perhaps the most remarkable woman of her generation in Hindustan, for out of the oppression which Hinduism puts on widows she had been able to rise on the wings of a great inspiration. Her learned father, venturing against the custom of his day, had taught his little daughter to read, and had introduced her to the best works of the national literature, so that Ramabai had become a scholar, as the honorary title of Pandita indicated. After her father's death she married a man who had advanced ideas, but he did not live long, and when she became a widow she learned by personal experience of the cruel customs which barred her high-caste sisters from any education or a chance for a self-supporting, honorable life. While her own advanced state saved her from much of this humiliation, she was moved to pity for others who had no such sense, and into her heart came a high ambition to change this unjust oppression of the Hindu widow. By heroic efforts she made her way to England with her little daughter, and later arrived in the United States. The Rev. Joseph Cook invited Ramabai to speak from the platform of his noon lectures in Tremont Temple in Boston. It was a remarkable scene when this little woman of India in the white robes of her widowhood stood beside the great lecturer, with Frances E. Willard on

one side and Mrs. William Butler on the other sponsoring her effort to enlist the sympathies of American people for her great endeavor.

A Ramabai Association was formed soon afterward and funds were provided so that Ramabai was able to carry out her dream of establishing a home for widows in Bombay, which she called the Shâradâ Sadan—"Home of Wisdom." So highly was she held in honor by her countrymen for her remarkable scholarship that the school was immediately successful, and its history through the years shows that such customs can and will be changed when the daughters of India themselves, with sympathetic Christian backing, undertake to break down the evils of the system. Ramabai was a guest in Mrs. Butler's home, as were later her gifted daughter Manoramabai and some of the young widows who were later sent to this country for their education. Though the Pandita's life was not a long one, before she went to her reward she was conscious that her endeavor had opened the door of opportunity and hope for the Hindu child-widow.[1]

In some of Mrs. Butler's addresses she referred to a scene she had witnessed in India at a Durbar. The Rajah of R—— was to be decorated for some particular service he had rendered. All the other princes and kings who attended Durbar that day marched from the entrance of the tent with royal dignity up to the dais—all but the Rajah of R——. She noticed that he shuffled rather than walked, being supported on each side by a man servant. He was magnificently dressed in gorgeous cashmere shawls, and on his turban was a superb aigrette, and round his neck were necklaces of pearls and other precious stones. The costume was magnificent, which made his attitude and gait all the more remarkable. When he received the decoration

[1] See *Life of Ramabai*, Butler.

PANDITA RAMABAI AND HER DAUGHTER MANORAMABAI

awarded him she noticed that he neither spoke nor raised his hands in the graceful Oriental salutation, but kept them wrapped up in the folds of his shawl. As he shuffled his way back to the entrance of the tent Mrs. Butler asked an official why the Maharajah acted so strangely and what caused him to walk with such difficulty, and the reply came instantly: "Did you not know? The Rajah is a leper!"

Mrs. Butler was deeply moved by this tragic scene, and she was wont to compare the situation of this royal man, whose wealth and magnificence could not conceal or avert the consequences of the terrible disease, with the disease of sin, which, no matter how cloaked by respectability or possessions, would inevitably manifest itself. She would say too that India, with all its beauty and its riches, was being consumed by the wrong practices of a false faith.

Like a younger child, Mexico in 1887 made claim to a visit from the father and mother of the Mission. This time the neighboring republic could be reached by train instead of by steamer only or *diligencia* travel. There had been a healthy extension of the work and a positive advance in educational and political matters. It was Mrs. Butler's great joy to visit the fine schools of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. Those in Mexico City and Puebla had grown into normal training institutions, while the school in Pachuca had the largest attendance, it was stated, of any school of the Society the world around. In the capital the Butlers lived in the same house which had been added to the great Franciscan Monastery building, in which they could hear the songs of praise as the large congregations gathered in the church below, formerly the pleasure garden of the Emperor Montezuma. It was an especial happiness to find their son, John W. Butler, so honored in his work in the Mission. Though anticipating a little, it may be stated here, that during John W. Butler's

forty-four years of service as a Methodist missionary in Mexico he never interfered with political matters and seemed to keep the good will of men of all parties, while pursuing his work of effective evangelical lines.

In an interview with President Diaz in 1874 General Diaz had said: "I have seen this land as you never saw it, with everything in the line of toleration and freedom to learn; I have watched its progress and rise to a better condition. We are not yet all we ought to be and hope to be, but we are not what we once were. We have risen as a people, and are rising now faster than ever. Keep on with your work, avoiding topics of irritation and preaching your Gospel in its own spirit." Both Doctor and Mrs. Butler recalled these words and believed they were then being fulfilled throughout the republic.

While they were in Mexico a very remarkable thing occurred. When the death of Emperor William I of Germany was announced, in March, 1888, their son, John W. Butler, went immediately to the German Ambassador to offer the use of our church for the memorial service. The offer was gratefully accepted, and the formal invitation that was sent out by the German Ambassador inviting the diplomatic corps to this ceremony stated that it would take place in "The Temple on Gante Street." (The word "temple" is used for all places of evangelical worship in Mexico, so that it must have been clearly understood that the service was to be in a Protestant church.)

Reserved seats in front were occupied by the representatives of the chief European nations and of the United States, most of them in their uniforms, wearing on their breasts the medals of honor and merit which they had received. At the hour the President of Mexico, escorted by the German Ambassador, entered and took the seat assigned to him, listening with attention and apparent high

appreciation to the beautiful service of an evangelical church, which closed by prayer by William Butler, in which he invoked the benediction of the Almighty upon the land of Mexico as well as the one across the sea, in whose honor they were assembled.

Later, on the death of General Grant, a similar attendance was seen in this church.

On returning to the United States a home was selected in Newton Center, on a site convenient to the church and also to the railroad station—the first because it was the home of their hearts in whatever country it might be located, and, secondly, because they had a great story to tell and were constantly going and coming from missionary meetings. Missionaries who landed in Boston and many others came to see their old superintendent, and Mrs. Butler was never happier than when she was entertaining such friends and serving them with the fragrant cups of tea, which, according to the fashion of the land of her birth, she always offered to her guests. Never did she fail in her attendance at the monthly meeting of the New England Branch, and the few who remained of the original eight founders sat always together on the front seat, intently watching the proceedings of the great Society which had grown out of that small organization.

The summer months were spent at Old Orchard, on the glorious beach where the ocean stretched out before their eyes to the horizon beyond which they had such living interests, and there, one night in August, 1899, William Butler was released from the limitations of the weary body, to enter into the glorious activities of the better land. The evident truth of the power of Christ's resurrection, with which Mrs. Butler had comforted others, did not fail to sustain her in the breaking of this comradeship of forty-five years of mutual devotion in the Master's service.

CHAPTER VII

THE YEAR OF JUBILEE

ABOUT the year 1902 the leaders of the Methodist Episcopal Church in India, in considering plans for celebrating the Jubilee of the Mission in the winter of 1906–07, invited Mrs. Butler to attend. It seemed almost an impossible undertaking, for she was then in her eighty-third year, but she appreciated the kind thought implied in the invitation, and wrote in favor of the project in many church periodicals. As the time drew near the invitation was repeated more urgently. Her health was good, and she was constantly making addresses on behalf of the work, so it seemed appropriate that she should go, but her answer was that she did not care to attempt the journey lest she be a burden to others. Her devoted friend and physician, Dr. Frances M. Morris, formerly a missionary in Africa, gave her opinion that the risk was not too great. Still she hesitated.

The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society did much to arouse interest in this coming Jubilee, the New York Branch specially planning for large things. In May, 1906, its officers arranged for a great Jubilee meeting to be held in Carnegie Hall. Mrs. Butler was invited to attend. Again she replied that it was not worth while for her to do so, but she finally yielded to renewed solicitations, and was entertained at the home of Bishop and Mrs. C. H. Fowler. It was one of the hottest afternoons of May, and many people were anxious lest the missionary women had overstepped bounds of prudence by engaging such a large auditorium. They thought there would be only a mod-

est number present, but when Mrs. Butler stepped out on the platform she found the great hall crowded. Almost every seat was taken on the first floor and first balcony. The large stage was filled with the choirs from two churches. Missionary secretaries from several denominations, two bishops, and many pastors were present. Mrs. J. Ellen Foster, of Washington, who had just returned from a trip around the world in ex-President Taft's party, was the chief speaker of the occasion. Addresses were made also by the bishops and three of the secretaries, and then the collection was taken, after which the audience started to leave; and no wonder, for the meeting had lasted for over two hours; and while the program had been of absorbing interest, people were now fatigued. Bishop Oldham stood up and with his commanding voice begged the audience to remain, because—Mrs. Butler was going to speak!

People turned around, blocking the aisles and standing in doorways. The announcement was startling. This was the first intimation Mrs. Butler had that she was expected to say anything, and some of those nearest to her feared it would be too great a strain for a woman in her eighty-sixth year. She looked very tiny as she stood by the tall bishop, but with her characteristic courage and calmness she spoke of the revelation that had come to her as she approached the shores of India in 1856, of God's unfailing purpose as expressed in the prophecy of Isaiah in those six marvelous words, "The idols he shall utterly abolish."

Mrs. Butler's voice was always remarkably clear and her enunciation most distinct, so that without raising her voice she could make even large audiences hear with ease. Never had this faculty served her better than on this afternoon, when those words rang out like a prophecy with such clearness that they were heard perfectly in the most remote corner of the hall. The impression made was extraordinary.

No one who heard that declaration will ever forget the effect. After the benediction friends crowded to the platform, among them John S. Huyler. He asked for an introduction, and when he was presented by Bishop Fowler he said: "Mrs. Butler, your words have opened my heart and my purse. I'm going to give you five thousand dollars for your work." The collection that afternoon from that great audience had been a little over five hundred dollars, but God had used her few words to bring this generous response. After that there was no question about her going to India, for her friends assured her that this incident could mean nothing but God's way of showing her that she still could do something for his blessed cause.

In September, 1906, accompanied by her son, John W. Butler, of the Mexico Mission, and a daughter, Mrs. Butler sailed for the third time out of New York en route to India. Many said that she would die on the way; others that India would surely kill her, to which she replied that India was just as near to heaven as Boston, and possibly at that time it seemed nearer to her. Sailing directly to Naples, a side trip to Rome gave opportunity for reviewing the excellent progress of our work in the Eternal City. The pastor of the Italian Methodist Episcopal Church asked her to address the congregation, which she did to the great pleasure of the audience. In his closing prayer the pastor commended to God's tender care "La Antica Dama." It did not take much knowledge of Italian to know for whom he was praying. Later, when her children twitted her about being called an antique, she replied, with her characteristic wit, that antiques were valuable if they were only old enough!

Staying in Cairo for four weeks, she again looked into the face of Rameses the Great, and climbed to the citadel to view the amazing city. Here Mrs. Butler showed the

PART OF THE JUBILEE PROCESSION WHEN THREE THOUSAND MARCHED TO THE INSPIRING STRAINS OF ISA MASIH KE JAI! (VICTORY TO JESUS CHRIST!)

only timidity of the whole trip. Out to the pyramids she went, of course, but she would *not* mount a camel! She had had all the experience she cared for of "ships of the desert" or elephant howdahs. She proposed to be careful and take no unnecessary risks, because she was bound for Bareilly!

A fellow traveler on the steamer to Bombay was the Princess Sophia Dhuleep Singh, the daughter of the prince Mrs. Butler had seen among the princes at the Durbar in 1856. The story of her mother, Bamba, is remarkable.

One of the greatest rulers in North India was Runjit Singh, called The Lion of the Punjab by the British, whom he defied, saying that "Hindustan is not large enough for me and you," and he also declared that never should a missionary cross the Sutlej, the river which separated the Punjab from the part of India under British influence. When he died in 1839 it is stated that four of his wives and seven of his favorite female slaves, some of whom were only fifteen years of age, were burned on his funeral pyre. His kingdom was torn by dissensions, which later led to British interference, and when they took over the province the famous Koh-I-Noor diamond, "Mountain of Light," passed to the royal family of Great Britain. An infant son, only four years old, Duleep Singh, was educated by the British, and it was this lad whom Mrs. Butler saw at the great Durbar in 1856. See p. 42.

Later, for fear of political complications, he and his mother were sent to England, where they were given an annual allowance of one quarter of a million dollars and lived in royal splendor in Norfolk. On the death of the Maharani, the son, at her request, took her body back to India and stopped at Cairo, having on his mind the idea of finding a suitable wife. He was an earnest Christian and therefore was debarred from marrying into a Hindu

royal family, nor did he care to marry an English woman of rank, so he turned to Egypt and there came in touch with the missionaries and visited the girls' school. In that school was a young teacher named Bamba, the daughter of an Abyssinian woman who had once been a slave. Her father was a German, who gave to the mother of his daughter a fairly comfortable living, but of the simplest style. Bamba was an unusually gracious girl and a devoted Christian.

The Band of Converted Faquirs at the Jubilee

The young Maharajah Duleep Singh was much attracted by this beautiful young teacher, and made a formal proposal for her hand through the missionary authorities. They informed him of her humble origin and simple life. His answer was that he had been praying that God would give him a suitable Christian wife. When the proposition was made to Bamba she shrank from the responsibilities of such a position and said that she had hoped to work for Christ in the girls' school. The missionaries told her that she might be able to serve him in this new sphere. After four days of consideration and prayer she consented. The Maharajah went on to India for the funeral services for his

mother, and during the months of his absence her missionary friends prepared the young peasant girl for the life to which she had been so definitely called. European clothing was provided, and she was taught the amenities of European life. And in 1864 this wealthy Maharajah and Bamba were married at the British consulate in Alexandria. The prince gave to the Mission a thank-offering of $5,000, which gift was repeated annually for thirteen years, and also made large gifts to the Mission.

Bamba became quite a favorite of Queen Victoria and for twenty years presided over a happy Christian home in England. Mrs. Butler heard this story in 1883 as she visited in Cairo in the home of the missionaries who had trained the young Abyssinian girl and helped to prepare her for the exalted position to which she was so singularly called. Now Bamba's daughter was on the steamer which took Mrs. Butler back to India, fifty years from the time she had seen the young prince!

A company of sixty-eight people went on this trip, including Bishop and Mrs. Foss. Mrs. Foss having been one of Mrs. Butler's collaborators in the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, they were most happy in this opportunity together. Landing at Colombo, there was opportunity to observe the stagnation of Buddhism in the temples filled with images, with but few worshipers. Sidney Lanier has put the description of the accomplishment of this faith in three lines:

"So, Buddha beautiful, I pardon thee,
That all thou didst for needy man was—nothing,
And all thy best of being was—but not to be." [1]

In Madura Mrs. Butler found the great Hindu temples

[1] Used by permission.

full of worshipers, the Sacred Tanks surrounded by devotees bathing and drinking the water, the elephants moving with ponderous tread through the temple paths, receiving the gifts of the people, the temple girls in gay attire. No indication was there in Madura yet of any modification of Hinduism or any lessening of the power of caste, though the leaven of the American Missionary Board, with its fine hospitals and schools, could be recognized throughout the community. It was a joy to visit the women's hospital, the one of the effective agencies of the Women's Board with which she had such close co-operation in 1868.

The first Mission Station of the Methodist Episcopal Church, at which a formal reception was rendered Mrs. Butler, was at Madras, where Miss Grace Stephens welcomed "the Mother of the Mission," the girls of her Orphanage fairly overwhelming the honored friend with their songs of welcome, adorning her with beautiful garlands of roses and fragrant jasmine. Elizabeth, the Bible woman, was there, and Frances E. Willard, her daughter, named for the distinguished American leader, and Sooboonagam, and others of Miss Stephens' trophies of grace. At times the bliss of it all seemed to overpower Mrs. Butler, and some thought that she would never get to Bareilly, but her stout heart seemed to endure even this overweight of joy.

Across to Bombay, and then up to Baroda, where the corner stone was laid for the new Mrs. William Butler Memorial Hospital in the capital of the Gaekwar, the jewels and rich treasures of whose kingdom were kindly shown to the Jubilee party. Greater treasures were found to be the women and girls rescued by our Mission from poverty and superstition. The Orphanage here was built by thank-offerings of the King's Heralds. On they journeyed to Ajmere for Christmas day, where in the District

Butler Memorial Hospital at Baroda

Conference twenty-six native young men and young women stood up to pledge their lives for Christian service. But Bareilly, the place where there had been such suffering fifty years before, was at last reached; and here also, to welcome the one whom they called "the Mother of the Mission," three thousand people, gathered under the Jubilee tent pitched on the grounds of the first hospital (mentioned on page 117), rose as the little figure in black walked forward, supported on the arm of her missionary son. As with one voice they broke out into the hymn so popular among the Indian Christians, "Victory to Jesus Christ!"

A poor blind woman was led forward, who had come all the way from the Central Provinces to be presented. She was one of the orphan children taken in by Mrs. Butler so long before, and as in her gratitude she threw herself on her knees, attempting to kiss the feet of the woman who had been more than mother to her, there were few dry eyes in the audience!

A young lad, the first convert from the closed land of Tibet, was brought by Dr. Martha Sheldon, who had set up a mission dispensary on the pass leading to the forbidden territory, and who through her ministry of healing had won the confidence of this lad and of his mother. Doctor Sheldon presented him now to Mrs. Butler as a first recruit from the land toward whose redemption they had looked and planned for in the appeal of 1857.

Among the thousands of Christian people who lived for the joyful week of the Jubilee in the little grass tents set up for them on the grounds of the first hospital was one group which particularly attracted Mrs. Butler's attention. It was a band of men who had been Hindu faquirs, religious mendicants of the kind seen at the great *melas* who sing the praises of their particular gods and receive gifts from the worshipers. Of such are the men who sit between six

fires as a penance, who raise an arm and hold it aloft until it atrophies, submitting to such austerities to show their religious fervor. This band had all been of this class, and now they were Christians, no longer seminude, plastered with ashes and the marks of the idol on their foreheads, but clean, well-clothed, and happy. With their rude instruments to accompany them they sang almost continuously, save when in the public services. The favorite hymn was "Jai, Jai, Jai, Masih Ki Jai!"—"Victory, Victory, Victory to Jesus Christ!" Not content with telling the story all the time, they even placed the words on their tunics so that no one might fail to know of their loyalty to their new God.

Before the three thousand Jubilee participants, representing practically a quarter of a million people standing for Christ under the Methodist banner, in the place where William and Clementina Butler had been sole representatives of the Christian activities fifty years before, again was her marvelous message given, based on her never-to-be-forgotten text, "The idols he shall utterly abolish!"

The pastors of the North India Conference requested the privilege of being photographed with "the Mother of the Mission," a significant picture of the progress of the last century. Where Mrs. Butler and her husband had stood with just one helper were now these men, all ordained members of Conference, effectively carrying on the work which was begun with such feebleness.

One of her recollections given at this time was of the early days when she so eagerly desired to have a school, but could only gather the little children in the compound, daughters of the servants and others, dwellers on mission premises. To these, with the help of Mrs. Humphrey, the sweet singer of the new Israel of India, she had taught our hymns. One sweltering night as she sat alone on the flat roof of the house, through the hot darkness there came

In 1856-57 Doctor and Mrs. Butler Had One Native Preacher. The Year of Jubilee—1906-07—These Members of the North India Conference Came to Greet Mrs. Butler

the voices of the children down under the trees of the garden. What was it they were singing? "The Year of Jubilee is come!" It was almost enough to bring a smile to the lips, for the year of Jubilee seemed very far away from poor India that night in 1860! The missionary force numbered three families, and the converts could be counted on the fingers of their hands; but this hymn of joy had been translated, and the children loved it.

Now, fifty years later, not only the children, but the great congregation of three thousand were singing, with full understanding, the wonderful refrain, "The Year of Jubilee is come!"

Again the veteran told of an incident in Bareilly just as peace had been restored after the Mutiny. Practically all the native army in North India had joined in the Rebellion, save parts of two regiments and a very few men from a third. It was decided to honor these loyal soldiers in a way which should never be forgotten. All the British troops in the vicinity were summoned and drawn up in a hollow square on the Maidan. In the center the small handful of survivors stood at attention. The British General addressed them, commending their fidelity, and bestowed on each, not only a reward in money and an advance in rank, but what they valued far more, a title, Wufedari—"The Faithful Ones"—by which they were to be known ever after.

Now Mrs. Butler saw this review of the Christian men and women from humble homes of India who had been faithful to their newly found Lord amidst persecution and trial. To them she gave the name of Wufedari—"The Faithful Ones"—which they so well deserve to bear!

To twenty other stations did this aged pilgrim travel, loving every one of her missionary daughters, as she found them in school work blessing little ones in the name of the

Master, also in the dispensaries and hospitals where the work of healing was done in the name of the Great Physician, also in the evangelical work, where the story was told in zenanas and on the steps of the temples. Almost an overweight of joy came to Mrs. Butler in the five months of her stay. Possibly the greatest contrast of the visit came when she stood on the shore of the sacred river at Brindaban among the temple widows, who with their tragic faces and lagging steps presented a startling contrast to this Christian widow, whose long journey across the world was made with the same ambition as before—to help such as these who sit in the shadow of death. It was a difference more than poverty or sickness or sorrow could make which differentiated the one widow from the other—it was the radiant strength of the one who knew the power of Christ's resurrection, contrasted with the one who looked wearily to the unending turn of the wheel of transmigration. No wonder that the native folk looked with wonder on the widow, whose form might be bowed with the weight of eighty-six years, but whose outlook of life and whose hope for the life to come was so clearly manifested in word and in deed and by her illumined face!

Vendors of curios wished to sell to her, that such contact might bring them good luck for their day, not knowing of the good news she had already brought to their people. The Rajah of a large estate showed his respects at a garden party; the men who bore her *Jampan* in the Himalayan trips bowed in honor as she started down to the plains. A peculiar hush came over audiences when she rose to address them, and the students of the schools made fervent addresses of welcome. One came from the group at the Lucknow Christian College, written in the exquisite Persian script and illumined in gold, of which a partial translation is as follows:

Mission Home in Bareilly Built by Dr. Butler in 1868 and Still in Use

Oh God, so long as the succession of day and night exists
May our benefactress be prosperous all the time;
May she, the illustrious one, be happy with all her dear ones
And may she have all her desires, both spiritual and temporal.
As her husband was a friend of everybody,
May she be a sympathizer of everybody.
Oh God, this is our prayer always,
That she may be the means of spreading the gospel religion of Christ day and night.

Throughout Mrs. Butler's trip she remembered the auxiliaries at home and coveted for her fellow workers the inspiration she was receiving. Here is an extract from one of her messages to the home church:

How can I wait to tell you all about it? The buildings we erect must be substantial, the workers the best who can be found, the money that which is the gift of a willing heart, the prayers at home constant and fervent, if this great task is to be accomplished! It required only one glance at the crowd on the shores of the Jumna River at the great mela to impress me with the magnitude of the work. I saw there what I had not seen elsewhere—little girls, dressed to represent certain gods, being worshiped by the throng. Impossible? Nay, it can be openly seen, and the weary, hardened little faces have haunted me ever since. Ten or twelve years of age only, there was a look of hopelessness that might have gone with the gray hairs of advanced age. We could not even speak to the different groups.

An American traveler wrote concerning two great centers of India: "Benares and Bareilly! One stands on the heaven side of India and the other on the side which takes hold on hell."

In twenty-one different cities of India Mrs. Butler had

the joy of proclaiming to her spiritual children her wonder at what God had wrought, her marvel at the changes that had come for the better, and her belief in the fulfillment of the promise which had been given to her in the precious six words as she approached India for the first time—"The idols he shall utterly abolish."

A few happy weeks at Isabella Thoburn College; a visit

Up to the High Mountain Above Naini Tal

to Moradabad with her beloved old friend and fellow worker, Mrs. E. W. Parker; a visit to the city of Brindaban, the birthplace of Krishna, the most popular deity of Hinduism; a walk about the Audience Hall in the palace at Delhi, where she had witnessed the trial of the aides of the Great Mogul at the close of the Mutiny, must be followed by a trip to Naini Tal. Friends protested—they pointed heavenward to show where she would go suddenly if she attempted a trip to an elevation of six thousand feet

above sea level in March; but she had come to see Bareilly and Naini Tal, and she went! The kind missionary who was so concerned because he was afraid "the old lady would die at the high altitude" was obliged to escort her as she journeyed up, even two thousand feet higher, that she might feast her eyes on the glorious view of the one hundred miles of snowy peaks of the Himalayan range, the marvelous vision than which mortal eye can see nothing more radiant this side of the heavenly city.

One of her traveling companions and friends, Bishop Foss, wrote of the beauty of Naini Tal:

It is one of the most beautiful of lakes. From the ridge above the valley I caught my first glimpse of the Himalayas. Sixty-three peaks, clad in ermine, from twenty to twenty-five thousand feet in height, in majesty and glory. Out of the side of one, Nunda Devi, from a glacier leaped the head of the Ganges River. But as I came down from the valley I saw a grander sight, the spot where William Butler, at God's command, stood and, lifting the rod of faith, smote the rock of heathenism and lo! the rill and presently the river of India Methodism.

It had become a great river, this Mission, which is only second in size in all the Christian Missions which are operating together for the coming of the Kingdom in India. The number represented in the thousands at the Jubilee was almost a quarter of a million of Christian believers, won in the first half century of its existence.

It is unnecessary to state that Mrs. Butler was happy during this third visit to India. The photograph which serves as frontispiece in this book was taken at Lucknow in January, 1907, when she was in her eighty-seventh year, having passed through all the fatigues of the Jubilee service, which had taxed even the strength of many younger

persons. There was a peace in her heart which made her face lovely indeed. The joy of her experiences made it radiant when she told of the divine leading which she clearly saw in all the work of the Mission.

Sailing for England, Mrs. Butler had the delight of a visit with her beloved sister, now in her eighty-ninth year. The two white-haired sisters seated in the charming English garden presented a lovely sight as they once more enjoyed a reunion and exchanged memories. In London it was a rich treat to visit Westminster Abbey with its marvelous associations, where the bust of John Wesley stands with that of the bards of English history and the great sovereigns of the realm. The holy spot there, however, was connected with none of these. The place in which she stood in reverent silence was before the marble slab covering the remains of David Livingstone, the man who singlehanded had held up Africa before God. His pronouncement inscribed in imperishable brass calling for heaven's blessings on anyone, American, English or Turk, who would help to "heal the open sore of the world" was for her as for every other worker who engages in similar ministry.

No one on this side of the world could be more deeply interested in the accounts of the coronation of King George and Queen Mary as emperor and empress of India in December, 1911, than was Mrs. Butler. She rejoiced to see that for the first time in the history of the Orient the one wife of the emperor was seated beside him, on a seat of equal dignity, as he received the pledges of loyalty of his subjects. Whatever may come to the royal city of Delhi in the future, the daughters of Hindustan will never forget this lesson of recognition of the honored only wife. It was also very pleasing to the missionary to note the fine position given in this gorgeous Durbar to the Begum of Bhopal, the woman ruling over a Mohammedan state in India who

Himalayan Peaks

has taken such a notable stand for the education of the girls and women of the kingdom of Bhopal. The improving status of women in India was an especial delight to one who had seen such sights as she had witnessed in 1856.

Upon her return she lived quietly in the home in Newton Center, making it a "house by the side of the road" for missionaries who came from many lands. At one time during The World in Boston she invited seventeen of the workers from it to a luncheon, where the India curry, the royal dish of the Orient, made under her supervision, was a rare treat to those who had learned its delights. These friends agreed with Mrs. Butler that a hot curry must have been the red pottage for which Esau sold his birthright!

Not far from her home in Newton is a monument erected to John Eliot, the first missionary to the Indians in Massachusetts. His biography, written by Cotton Mather, published in 1891, has a quaint sentence which fitly described Mrs. Butler's attitude toward life: "He managed his rudder so as to manifest that he was bound heavenward in his whole communication."

This heavenly communication was manifest in her last Christmas message to her friends in this country and the wide mission field:

That the proclamation of the angels is being extended further than ever is the crowning gladness of this Christmas day.

Yours in this rejoicing,

December 25, 1912. Mrs. William Butler.

Her society was a joy to friends and visitors of many lands. Her pastor at this time—Bishop L. J. Birney—wrote of her, "I could not touch her at any angle without the spark of Divine Life coming into my life." What a beau-

tiful tribute—to be so under the sway of the living Christ that the touch of the hand, the glance of the eye, the words of the lips all convey the "spark of Divine Life."

On Mrs. Butler's ninety-third birthday occurred a delightful scene in her home. She sat on the balcony jutting out into the pine trees, with the squirrels jumping from bough to bough, and the birds twittering and singing over

NINETY-THREE TODAY

the garden, and her arms full of pink and white blossoms sent by a dear friend. Two of her many missionary daughters, one from the activities of the home force, and the other right from the foreign field, came to talk with her concerning the things of the Kingdom, and to sing with her the songs of the Zion toward which she was so manifestly hastening. Loving messages came from all over the earth. Even though this world to her was very beautiful, her heart turned to the other land, and six weeks later, without any illness, she fell asleep, to wake up in the blessed country in the atmosphere of which she had so long lived.

The story of such a life cannot end with its earthly termination. A word from two dearly beloved friends must be added about the beauty of her later years.

A friend from New York writes:

The first time I heard her I was thrilled as I had never been before. After the service I said, "Mrs. Butler, you are beautiful," and kissed her. Then in all sincerity I said, "I wish your mantle could fall on me," and in her quick, bright way, she said, "Get your mantle where I got mine." I asked where she got her's and expected her to say, "In study," etc., but she answered, "On my knees." I have been on my knees many times since asking for equipment.

And from a very close friend, who was like a daughter:

"Rejoicing in the Lord!" It was the open secret of our Mother Butler's triumphant life. Realizing the dangers—from within as well as without—which menace the Church of Christ, and constantly sounding a warning note to those whose apathy suggested spiritual paralysis, this woman-prophet's faith in the ultimate triumph of the Christian Church never wavered.

A saint!—no one doubted that, but how delightfully human she was! One of God's most precious gifts to this

missionary mother was a merry heart, which failed her not, even in extreme old age. More than once we have heard her noble husband declare his indebtedness to her spirit of cheerfulness.

One Sabbath afternoon I read aloud to her an article on Mohammedanism in Egypt. At the close of the reading she was silent for a moment and then exclaimed: "L——, as you read, in imagination I placed on a page the name of Jesus Christ and opposite the name of Mohammed. Under the name of Jesus I wrote what I used to call in my youth 'the heavenly vocabulary'—'Omnipotent, Omniscient, Immortal, Eternal, Emanuel,' but what could I say of Mohammed?" Again she was silent, but the rapt expression on the face of our missionary mother showed that heaven was not far off.

L. R. P.

Her last message to the young women of the church, written in her ninety-third year, must surely be given as her message for to-day to heroic young women for whom there are such avenues of service.

It was my fortune some time ago to hear a Hindu student at one of our great universities say that the British, by prohibiting suttee, had extinguished the heroic spirit in India. Suffice it to say that he was not a Christian! There was little sympathy with his views, apparently, and one was tempted to inquire, if the heroic in national life depended on the immolation of living beings on the funeral pyre, why the exercise of that virtue had been confined through the ages to *one sex?* May we not further presume that if such privilege had been conferred on the husband as well as on the wife, the spirit of the Hindu people would have been strong enough to repel the invaders who, from the beginning of history, have made the fair land of Hindustan their spoil?

The change which we see coming all over the world in the removal of age-long restrictions upon woman doubtless ushers in a new era when she shall have greater privileges

and therefore infinitely greater responsibilities. While the home life shall always be her deepest concern, she will not be excused from a wider sympathy which shall take in civic needs and world-wide enterprises. It has been well said that the greatest field for the exercise of the heroic for the Christian is to be found in the foreign missionary service. Will not the church be justified in looking to the richly endowed young women of to-day for recruits for the world-wide warfare? It is not to a sacrifice of death, but to the "living sacrifice" the Master calls, in thousands of places of need—in new China, hoary India, behind the veiled doors of Moslem homes. I beseech you, therefore, present your bodies, your talents, your culture to this noble work, to be an acceptable sacrifice! When I came into this world there were few places where a woman could work in special organized service for the church. To-day there is a place for every talent, every gift, for every character, to find its highest use in the ranks of the army of the living God.

A memorial gift which Lord Curzon left to India at the conclusion of his term as Viceroy is the exquisite bronze-silver-and-gold lamp, made by a master-craftsman brought from Egypt for this task. This marvelous piece of workmanship is suspended under the dome of the Taj Mahal. There had been no light in the inner chamber of the tomb save that which filtered through the marble lacework screen surrounding the cenotaph. Two years were required to produce a thing lovely enough to be placed in such surroundings. This precious gift was made in memory of Lord Curzon's wife, Lady Mary, the former American young woman who was one with him in devotion to India. Her name does not appear on the lamp, and only those who know realize that the exquisite light which illumines the marvelous tracery on the tomb is given in honor of the loveliness of character of a modern wife and mother.

Mrs. Butler has left no monuments of marble or stone, save as the hospital in Baroda carries her name, but those

LAMP IN THE TAJ MAHAL

who know remember that through her stewardship of personal service she placed a light in India for the blessing of the womanhood of that land; a light in Mexico to illumine the Christian truth, somewhat dimmed by superstition and injustice; and a light in Tremont Street Church in Boston, which makes clear a pathway of service in the preparation of the highway for the coming of the kingdom of our Lord Christ.

Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us but unto thy name give glory, for thy mercy and for thy truth's sake.

Mrs William Butler.

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